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A LESSON OF THE SEA.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

It was a beautiful spring afternoon, and the sun was so warm that it made the soft westerly breeze feel like a summer wind. Little Johnny Franklin, who thought he was really a big boy because he was ten years old and wore hip rubber-boots when it rained, was visiting his uncle, who lived at the Highlands of Navesink not far from the twin lighthouses. He thought it was too fine a day to stay on the hillside, so he started down toward the beach intending to pick up shells, or amuse himself by throwing pebbles into the sea. On his way down, he met Harry and Eddie Brownlow, who lived next door to his uncle. They were going to the beach, too, so all three boys walked along together. And when they came to the beach, they found various kinds of amusement. They threw pebbles, and they tried to see how close down to the surf they could follow the receding water without being caught by the next wave. Johnny, however, wet his feet from trying to go down as far as the two other boys. They could run faster than he could, for Eddie was twelve years old, and Harry was fourteen and a big boy for his age. As they ran along the beach, they came upon a sea skiff, a fisherman's boat, drawn up on the sands.

"Oh, look, look, boys!" exclaimed Johnny. "Here are a sail and a pair of oars. Let us play that we are out sailing."

"Oh, yes," said Eddie, "that will be great fun."

So they climbed into the boat, unrolled the sail, and stepped the mast. Johnny did not know how to do this, and Eddie was not quite sure of the way; but Harry said:

"You just leave it to me; what I don't know about boats is torn out!"

And so with great admiration, they watched Harry ship the sprit and made up their minds that he was a very remarkable boy and ought to be considered a man, even if he *was* no older than fourteen. The three boys played at sailing for nearly an hour. Then Harry said:

"I don't see much fun in this. It is not sailing, nor anything like it."

Johnny and Eddie looked rather blank at this remark.

"Now, what I say," Harry continued, "is, why should n't we really have a sail?"

The two smaller boys looked astonished.

"How?" asked Johnny.

"Why," said Harry, "there's a very light

breeze, and hardly any surf. Let's take this boat and go sailing."

"What, on the ocean?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, to be sure," replied Harry.

"Can you sail a boat?" Johnny inquired.

"Of course," answered Harry, confidently.

"I've been out with father dozens of times, and he always lets me steer a part of the time."

"Oh, yes," said Eddie; "that's so. Father always lets Harry steer. He wants him to be a good sailor."

Johnny was a little alarmed at the notion of sailing in so small a boat on so large a body of water; but then the fishermen always went out in such boats, and it must be all right. The sea was as smooth as glass, and the surf was no more than a ripple; so the boys had very little trouble in getting off the beach. As soon as they were a little out from under the lee of the beach, the light breeze filled the sail, and Harry put an oar against the quarter of the boat and steered very easily. He let the boat run before the wind straight away to the eastward. She went so smoothly and the swells were so low and broad that Johnny's timidity soon vanished and he began to enjoy the new experience.

"Oh, see!" he cried; "there's a steamer coming!"

"That's no steamer," said Eddie. "That's nothing but a moss-bunker."

"What's a moss-bunker?"

"A vessel that catches fishes called moss-bunkers and takes them over to Port Monmouth, where they make sardines out of them."

"Well, she's going by steam, anyhow," said Johnny.

"Yes, and so she's a steamer," said Harry. "But look away off yonder. There's an ocean steamer coming in from Europe."

"Oh, what a big one!" exclaimed Johnny. "What's her name?"

"I can't tell for sure," said Harry; "but she's the 'City of Paris,' the 'City of New York,' or the 'City of Rome.'"

"How do you know?" asked Eddie.

"Because she has three smoke-stacks in a row, fore and aft," said Harry.

Thus they sailed along talking about the sights of the sea, till suddenly the little boat's canvas began to flap and then hung limp.

"What's the matter with the sail?" asked Johnny, his doubts arising again.

"Wind's died out," said Harry; "it'll come in from the south presently. Father says the wind is 'never lost but it's found in the south.'"

"I guess we'd better turn back, Harry," said Eddie; "look at the shore."

Harry looked around for the first time, and was much alarmed to find that they were fully four miles out.

"I think we'll have to row," he said, getting out the oars.

"What makes the sky such a funny color over there?" asked Johnny.

Harry turned and saw something that frightened him very much. It was a heavy black cloud over toward Raritan Bay, and it was growing larger and coming closer every moment. Presently a flash of lightning broke from its edge, and the dull boom of distant thunder was heard.

"I'm afraid that it's going to be a thunder-storm," said Johnny.

"Yes, and rain, too," said Eddie. "We'll be soaked."

"I hope it will not blow hard," said Harry, who was taking the sprit out of the sail. "But father always shortens canvas when he thinks it's going to blow."

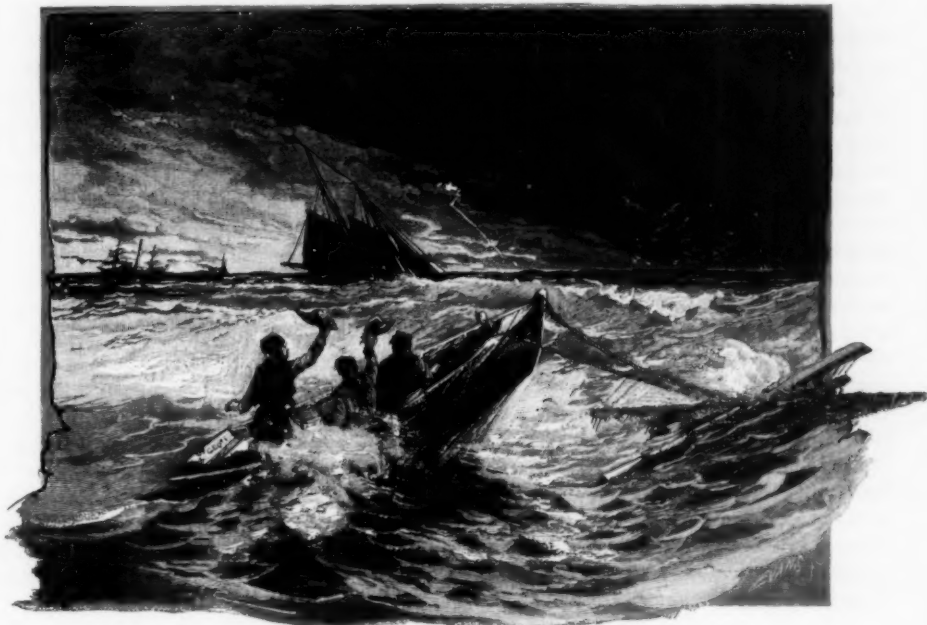
Harry seated himself, and with all his strength began to row toward the beach. All three boys were pale and silent. The click of the oars in the rowlocks and the threatening peals of the approaching thunder were the only sounds to be heard. Soon the cloud had spread from north to south, and was almost over their heads. The thunder peals became louder, and the flashes of lightning sharper. Then a few drops of rain began to fall. In another minute, it began to rain hard, and the three boys were very quickly wet to the skin. Eddie and Johnny began to cry. It was dark all around them. They could not see the shore. The pelting of the rain upon the ocean raised a great hissing sound like the escape of steam. The thunder bellowed and the lightning flashed incessantly. Harry was as white as a sheet, but he kept on rowing. Presently they heard a sort of humming sound, in the distance, but rapidly drawing nearer.

"What's that?" cried Eddie.

"I don't know," said Harry, stopping to listen.

Suddenly the sail gave one or two flaps, and they felt a puff of cool air. The next moment a powerful blast of wind swept upon them, heeling their little boat far over on one side so that the sea ran over the gunwale. The air was full of flying spray and of fearful howling noises. Eddie and Johnny, terrified, fell upon

The wind seemed to blow harder every minute, and the angry green waves rose in tumultuous fury around the little boat. Oh, how the three boys wished that they had contented themselves with playing at sailing! And how Harry realized that he did not know anything at all about managing a boat! For half an hour the wind continued to blow. The little skiff sometimes stood straight up and down in its mad



"THE THREE BOYS SHOUTED AGAIN AND AGAIN, FRANTICALLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

their knees in the bottom of the boat and tried to pray. Harry lost one of his oars. He seized the end of the painter and tied it to the handle of the other. At that moment another heavy gust of wind swept over the boat. Her little mast broke short off and fell overboard, knocking the other oar out of Harry's hand. Fortunately for the boys, the oar became tangled in the sail, and the canvas and sticks, held by the painter floated out ahead of the boat, making an excellent "sea drag," and keeping the little craft head on to seas, which now began to roll up in threatening height. Harry did not know what to do. He tried to comfort his younger companions, but they were terrified.

plunges over the waves, but, since the drag kept its head to them, it rode safely.

Presently the heavy clouds began to break away, and the thunder, lightning, and rain passed off to the eastward. The sun came out, and for a moment the boys felt the cheering influence of his rays. Then the wind shifted to the northwest, turned very cool, and blew quite as hard as it did during the squall. The boys looked toward the shore. They could see only the Highlands rising above the distant purple rim of the sea. Sandy Hook and the beach were out of sight. Off to the northward of them, a good three miles away, they could see the swaying masts of the red lightship. They

were being driven farther and farther out to sea by the cruel northwest wind which is even too strong for the fishermen at times. The poor boys gave themselves up for lost; wet and chilled and shivering, they sank down in the bottom of the boat and, with their arms around one another, cried silently. By and by Eddie and Johnny, worn out, sobbed themselves to sleep. Then Harry sat up and looked around him. To his surprise and joy he saw, not more than half a mile away to leeward, a pilot-boat, heading southward, under reefed main and fore-sails and jib. He stood up and waved his hat, and nearly fell overboard in so doing. He shouted, and that aroused the two other boys.

"Let 's all scream at once," said Johnny. So they each drew a long breath, and Harry counted one, two, three, with his hand, and they uttered piercing shrieks. Something black was seen moving up the weather fore-rigging of the pilot-boat. Then the vessel's head came up into the wind, her jib flapped heavily, she lifted her green forefoot clear out of the white foam, and then filled away on the port tack, heading directly away from the little boat.

"Oh, she 's going to leave us!" screamed Johnny.

The three boys shouted again and again frantically. They did not understand the movements of the pilot-boat, that was all. In two minutes she came about and then headed straight at them. Down she came, hurling the foam aside in great clouds of smoke-like spray.

"Oh," cried Eddie, "she 'll run over us!" But, no; as she came near, the helm was eased down, the jib was hauled to windward, and the pilot-boat glided alongside of them gracefully and easily.

"Catch this line and make it fast in the bow!" cried a voice.

A coil of rope came circling and unwinding through the air, and the end fell into the boat. Harry secured it and made it fast as directed.

"All of you get into the stern!" cried the man.

The boys did as directed, and were hauled up under the pilot-boat's lee quarter and pulled aboard. The pilots took them into the cabin, gave them warm drinks, and put them to bed.

"Who made that drag?" inquired the oldest pilot, after hearing their story.

"What drag?" asked Harry.

The pilot explained, and Harry said:

"It made itself."

He told the pilot how it happened; and the old man, slapping his leg, said:

"Then the Great Pilot up aloft meant this as a lesson for you. That drag is all that saved you. Now, boys, take my advice about two things. First, never take anything that does n't belong to you, without permission. Second, never undertake to handle a boat alone till you know all about it."

And when they were safe at home, Mr. Franklin said that the old pilot's advice was very good.



LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY JANE FINDS A MUSIC TEACHER.

ON the occasion of Lady Jane's first visit to the d'Hautreuve ladies, she had been so interested in Mam'selle Diane's works of art, that she had paid no attention whatever to the piano and the flowers.

But on the second visit, while Tony was posing as a model (for suddenly he had developed great perfection in that capacity), she critically examined the ancient instrument.

Presently she asked a little timidly, "Is that what you make music on when you sing, Mam'selle Diane?"

Mam'selle Diane nodded an affirmative. She was very busy modeling Tony's leg in sealing-wax.

"Is it a piano?"

"Yes, my dear, it's a piano. Did you never see one before?"

"Oh, yes; and I've played on one. Mamma used to let me play on hers; but it was large, very large, and not like this."

"Where was that?" asked Mam'selle Diane, while a swift glance passed between her and her mother.

"Oh, that was on the ranch, before we came away."

"Then you lived on a ranch. Where was it, my dear?"

"I don't know"; and Lady Jane looked puzzled. "It was just the ranch. It was in the country, and there were fields and fields, and a great many horses, and sheep and lambs—dear little lambs!"

"Then the lady you live with is not your mamma?" said Mam'selle Diane, casually, while she twisted the sealing-wax into the shape of the foot.

"Oh, no; she's my *Tante* Pauline. My mamma has gone away, but Pepsie says she's

sure to come back before Christmas; and it's not very long now before Christmas." The little face grew radiant with expectation.

"And you like music?" said Mam'selle Diane, with a sigh; she saw how it was, and she pitied the motherless darling from the bottom of her tender heart.

"Did n't you ever hear me sing when I used to stand close to the window?" Lady Jane leaned across Mam'selle Diane's table, and looked at her with a winsome smile. "I sang as loud as I could, so you'd hear me; I thought, perhaps, you'd let me in."

"Dear little thing!" returned Mam'selle Diane, caressingly. Then she turned and spoke in French to her mother, "You know, Mamma, I wanted to ask her in before, but you thought she might meddle with my woe's and annoy me; but she's not troublesome at all. I wish I could teach her music, when I have time."

Lady Jane glanced from one to the other gravely and anxiously.

"I'm learning French," she said. "Pepsie's teaching me; and when I learn it you can always talk to me in French. I know some words now."

Mam'selle Diane smiled. "I was telling Mamma that I should like to teach you music. Would you like to learn?"

"What!—to play on the piano?" and the child's eyes glistened with delight.

"Yes, to play and sing, both."

"I can sing, now," with a little shy, wistful smile.

"Well then, sing for us while I finish Tony's leg, and afterwards I will sing for you."

"Shall I sing 'Sleep, baby, sleep'?"

"Yes; anything you like."

Lady Jane lifted her little face, flushed like a flower, but still serious and anxious, and broke into a ripple of melody so clear, so sweet, and so delicately modulated, that Mam'selle Diane

clasped her hands in ecstasy. She forgot her bunch of wool, the difficulty of Tony's breast-feathers, the impossible sealing-wax leg, and sat listening, enchanted; while the old lady closed her eyes and swayed back and forth, keeping time with the dreamy rhythm of the lullaby.

"Why, my dear, you have the voice of an angel!" exclaimed Mam'selle Diane when the child finished. "I must teach you. You *must* be taught. Mamma, she *must* be taught. It would be wicked to allow such a voice to go uncultivated!"

"And what can cultivation do that nature has n't done?" asked the old lady, querulously. "Sometimes I think too much cultivation ruins a voice. Think of yours, Diane; think of what it was before all that drilling and training; think of what it was that night you sang at Madame La Baronne's, when your cousin from France, the Marquis d'Hautreuve, said he had never listened to so wonderful a voice."

"It was the youth in it, Mamma, the youth. I was only sixteen:" and Mam'selle Diane sighed over the memory of those days.

"It was before all the freshness was cultivated out of it. You never sang so well afterwards."

"I never was as young, Mamma, and I never had such an audience again. You know, I went back to the convent; and when I came out things had changed, and I was older, and — I had changed. I think the change was in me."

Here a tear stole from the faded eyes that had looked on such triumphs.

"It is true, my dear, you never had such an opportunity again. Your cousin went back to France; and—and—there were no more *fêtes* after those days, and there was no one left to recognize your talent. Perhaps it was as much the lack of recognition as anything else. Yes, I say, as I always have said, that it's recognition you need to make you famous. It's the same with your birds as with your singing. It's recognition you need."

"And perhaps it's wealth too, Mamma," said Mam'selle Diane, gently. "One is forgotten when one is poor. Why, we have been as good as dead and buried these twenty years. I believe there's no one left who remembers us."

"No, no, my child, it's not that," cried the

old lady, sharply. "We are always d'Hautreves. It was our own choice to give up society; and we live so far away, it is inconvenient,—so few of our old friends keep carriages now; and besides, we have no day to receive. It was a mistake giving up our reception-day. Since then people have n't visited us."

"I was thinking, Mamma," said Mam'selle Diane, timidly, "that if I did as well with my ducks next year as I have this, we might have a day again. We might send cards and let our old friends know that we are still alive."

"We might, indeed," said the old lady, brightening visibly. "We are always d'Hautreves"; then her face fell suddenly. "But, Diane, my dear, we have n't either of us a silk dress, and it would never do for us to receive in anything but silk."

"That's true, Mamma. I never thought of that. We may not be able to have a day after all," and Mam'selle Diane bent her head dejectedly over the sealing-wax and wool.

While these reminiscences were exchanged by the mother and daughter, Lady Jane, whose singing had called them forth, slipped out into the small garden, where, amid a profusion of bloom and fragrance, she was now listening to the warbling of a canary whose cage hung among the branches of a Maréchal Niel rose. It was the bird whose melody had enraptured her while she was yet without the paradise, and it was the effigy of that same bird that she had seen on Mam'selle Diane's green woolen trees. He was a bright, jolly little fellow, and he sang as if he were wound up and never would run down.

Lady Jane listened to him delightedly while she inspected the beds of flowers. It was a little place, but contained a great variety of plants, and each was carefully trained and trimmed; and under all the seedlings were laid little sheets of white paper on which some seeds had already fallen.

Lady Jane eyed the papers curiously. She did not know that these tiny black seeds added yearly a few dollars to the d'Hautreuve revenues, and at the same time furnished the thrifty gardener with all she needed for her own use. But whose hands pruned and trained, dug and watered? Were they the hands of the myth of

a servant who came so early, before Madame was out of bed,—for the old aristocrat loved to sleep late,—to clean the gallery and banquette and do other jobs unbecoming a d'Hautreuve?

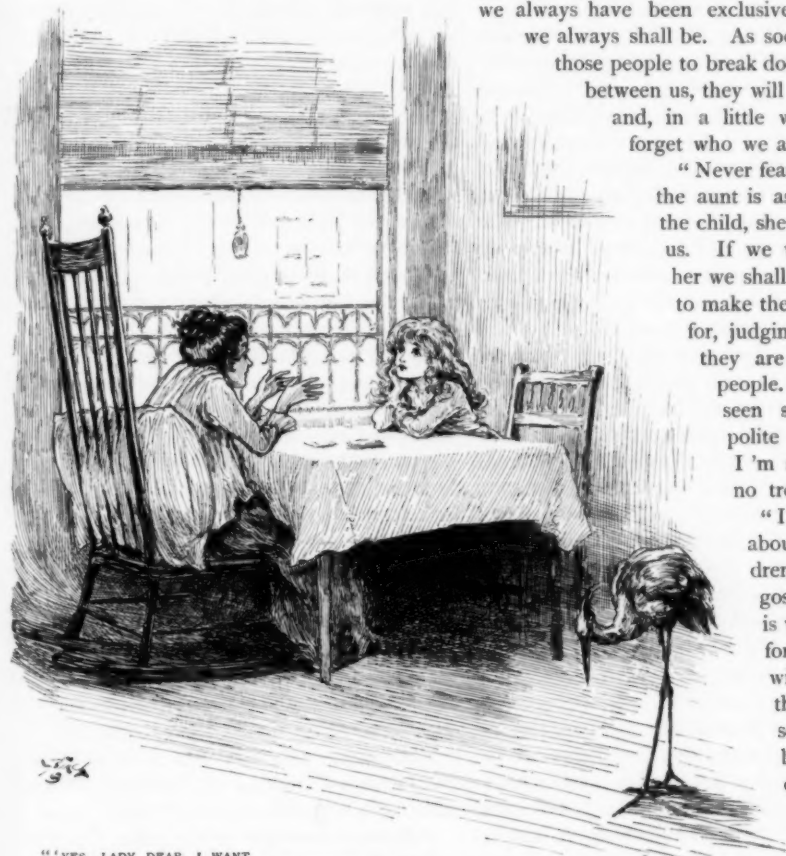
Yes, the very same; and Mam'selle Diane

relatives are," the old lady said, complainingly. "And if we once open our doors to the child, the aunt may try to crowd in. We don't want to make any new acquaintances. There's one satisfaction we still have, that, although we are poor, *very* poor, we are always d'Hautreuves, and we always have been exclusive, and I hope we always shall be. As soon as we allow those people to break down the barriers between us, they will rush in on us, and, in a little while, they will forget who we are."

"Never fear, Mamma; if the aunt is as well bred as the child, she will not annoy us. If we wish to know her we shall probably have to make the first advances, for, judging by the child, they are not common people. I have never seen so gentle and polite a little girl. I'm sure she'll be no trouble."

"I don't know about that; children are natural gossips, and she is very intelligent for her age. She will notice everything, and the secret of your birds will get out."

"Well, Mamma dear, if you feel that she will be



"YES, LADY DEAR, I WANT YOU TO LEARN TO PLAY ON THE PIANO, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING OF," SAID FEFSEIE."

was not an early riser because of sleeplessness; nor was it age that made her slender hands so hard and brown.

When Mam'selle Diane rejoined Lady Jane in the garden she had gained her mother's consent to giving the child a music-lesson once a week. The old lady had been querulous and difficult; she had discussed and objected; but finally Mam'selle Diane had overcome her prejudices.

"You don't know what kind of people her

an intrusion upon our privacy I won't insist; but I should so like to have her, just for two hours, say, once a week. It would give me a new interest; it would renew my youth to hear her angelic little voice sometimes."

"Oh, I suppose you must have your way, Diane, as you always do. Young people nowadays have no respect for age. We must yield all our traditions and habits to their new-fashioned ideas or else we are severe and tyrannical!"

"Oh, Mamma—dear Mamma—I'm sure you are a little, just a little, unkind now," said Mam'selle Diane, soothingly. "I'll give it up at once if you really wish it; but I don't think you do. I am sure the child will interest you; besides, I'm getting on so well with the bird. You would n't have me give up my model, would you?"

"Certainly not, my dear. If you need her, let her come. At least, you can try for a while; and if you find her troublesome, and the lessons a task, you can stop them when you like."

When this not very gracious consent was obtained, Mam'selle Diane hastened to tell Lady Jane that if her aunt approved she could come to her every Saturday from one to three, when she would teach her the piano, as well as singing; and that after the lesson, if she liked to remain awhile in the garden with the birds and flowers she was at liberty to do so.

Lady Jane fairly flew to tell Pepsie the good news; but, much to her surprise, her merry and practical friend burst into tears, and hid her face on the table among the pecan-shells.

"Why, Pepsie,—dear, dear Pepsie,—what ails you?" cried Lady Jane, in an agony of terror; "tell me what ails you"; and dropping Tony, she laid her little face among the shells, and cried too.

"I'm—I'm—jealous," said Pepsie, looking up, after a time, and rubbing her eyes furiously. "I'm a fool, I know, but I can't help it. I don't want you to go there. Those fine, proud people will teach you to look down on us. We're poor, my mother sells pralines, and the people that live behind that green fence are too proud and fine to notice any one in this street. They've lived here ever since I was born, and no one's seen them, because they've kept to themselves, always; and now, when I've just got you to love, they want to take you away; they want to teach you to *despise*—us!" and Pepsie stumbled over the unusual word in her passionate vehemence, while she still cried and sobbed angrily.

"But don't cry, Pepsie," entreated Lady Jane. "I don't love Mam'selle Diane so well as I love you. It's the music, the singing. Oh, Pepsie,—dear, dear Pepsie,—let me learn music, and I'll be good and love you *dearly*!"

"No, no; you won't; you won't care any

more for me," insisted Pepsie, the little demon of jealousy raging to such a degree that she was quite ready to be unjust as well as unreasonable.

"Are you cross at me, Pepsie?" and Lady Jane crept almost across the table to cling tearfully to her friend's neck. "Don't be cross, and I won't go to Mam'selle Diane. I won't learn music, and, Pepsie dear, I'll—I'll—give you Tony!"

This was the extreme of renunciation, and it touched the generous heart of the girl to the very quick. "You dear little angel!" she cried, with a sudden revulsion of feeling clasping and kissing the child passionately. "You're as sweet and good as you can be, and I'm wicked and selfish! Yes, wicked and selfish! It's for your good, and I'm trying to keep you away. You ought to hate me for being so mean."

At this moment Tite Souris entered, and, seeing the traces of tears on her mistress's cheeks, broke out in stern reproachful tones.

"Miss Lady, what's you be'n a-doin' to my Miss Peps'? You done made her cry. I see how she's been a-gwine on! You jes' look out or her ma'll git a'ter you ef yer makes dat po' crooked gal cry dat a-way."

"Hush, Tite," cried Pepsie; "you need n't blame Miss Lady. It was my fault. I was wicked and selfish; I did n't want her to go to Mam'selle Diane. I was jealous, that's all."

"Pepsie cried because she thought I would not love her," put in Lady Jane, in an explanatory tone, quite ignoring Tite's burst of loyalty. "Mam'selle Diane is nobility, French nobility; and Pepsie thought I'd be proud and love Mam'selle best, did n't you, Pepsie?"

"Now, jes' hear dat chile!" cried Tite, scornfully. "If dey *is* nobility, dey is po' white trash. Shore's I live, dat tall lean one, wat look lak a graveyard figger, she git outen her bed 'fore sun-up, an' brick her banquette her own self. I done seed her one mornin'; she war a-scrubbin' lak mad. An' bress yer, honey, she done had a veil on, so no one won't know her. Shore's I live, she done brick her banquette wid a veil on."

"If she cleans the banquette herself they must be very poor," was Pepsie's logical conclusion. "Perhaps, after all, they're not so proud; only

they don't want people to know how poor they are. And Tite, don't you tell that on the poor lady. You know it 's just one of your stories about her having a veil on. It may have been some one else. You could n't tell who it was if she had a veil on, as you say."

This argument did not in the least shake Tite Souris in her conviction that she had seen the granddaughter of the Count d'Hautreuve brick-ing her banquette, before "sun-up," with a veil over her face.

However, Lady Jane and Pepsie were reconciled, and the little cripple, to show her confidence in the child's affection, was now as anxious to have her go to Mam'selle Diane and learn music, as she was averse to it before.

"Yes, Lady dear, I want you to learn to play on the piano, and I 'll tell you what I 've been thinking of," said Pepsie, as they leaned confidentially toward each other across the table. "Mamma has some money in a bank. She 's been saving it to get something for me. You know she does everything I want her to do. I wanted to learn to read, and she had a teacher come to me every day until I could read and write very well, so I 'm sure she 'll do this if I want her to, and this is what it is: she must buy a piano to put right there in that space next the bed."

"For me to play on? Oh, Pepsie, how lovely!" and Lady Jane clasped her hands with delight.

"And you can practice all the time," continued the practical Pepsie. "You know, if you ever learn music well you must practice a great deal. Cousin Marie practiced three hours a day in the convent. And then, when you 're grown up, you 'll sing in the Cathedral and earn a great deal of money; and you can buy a beautiful white satin dress, all trimmed down the front with lace, and they 'll ask you to sing in the French opera, on Rue Bourbon, and every one will bring you flowers and rings and bracelets and jewels, and you 'll be just like a queen."

"And sit on a throne and wear a crown," gasped Lady Jane, her eyes wide and sparkling, and her cheeks flushed, over the glories of Pepsie's riotous imagination.

"Yes," said Pepsie. Now that she had started she meant to give full rein to her fancy. "And

every one will be ready to worship you, and you 'll ride out in a blue carriage with eight white horses."

"Oh, oh!" interrupted Lady Jane, rapturously; "and you 'll go with me, and it 'll be just as good as riding in Tante Modeste's milk cart!"

"Better, much better," agreed Pepsie, quite willing, in her present mood, to admit that there was something better; "and then you 'll have a big, big house in the country, with grass and trees and flowers, and a fountain that will tinkle, tinkle, all the time."

"And you and Mamma Madelon will live with me always." Here a sudden shadow passed over the bright little face and the wide eyes grew very wistful, "And, Pepsie, perhaps God will let Papa and Mamma come and live with me again."

"Perhaps so, dear," returned Pepsie, with quick sympathy. "When I say my prayers, I 'll ask."

Presently Lady Jane said softly, with an anxious glance at Pepsie, "You know, you told me that Mamma might come back before Christmas. It 's nearly Christmas, is n't it? Oh, I wish I could know if she was coming back! Can't you ask your cards, Pepsie? Perhaps they 'll tell if she 'll come."

"I 'll try," replied Pepsie; "yes, I 'll try; but sometimes they won't tell."

When Lady Jane asked permission of Madame Jozaïn to study music with Mam'selle Diane, "Tante Pauline" consented readily. In fact, she was overjoyed. It was no common honor to have her "niece" instructed by a d'Hautreuve, and it was another feather in her much be-plumed cap. By and by people would think more of her, and treat her with greater consideration. When she was once intimate with the d'Hautreuve ladies, the neighbors would n't dare turn the cold shoulder to her; for through their interest in the child she expected to gain a foothold for herself; but she had yet to learn how very exclusive a d'Hautreuve could be under certain circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY JANE'S DANCING-MASTER.

AMONG all Lady Jane's friends, there was no one who congratulated her on her good fortune

with half the enthusiasm and warmth displayed by little Gex.

"Vell, vell, my dear leetle lady," he said, rubbing his small hands delightedly. "Vhy, you are in luck, and no mistake! To have such a teacher for the music as Mam'selle Diane d'Hautreuve is as good as a fortune to you. She 'll give you the true style—the style of the French nobility, the only style vhat is good. I know just vhat that is. Peoples think old Gex knows nothing; but they 're mistaken, leetle lady; they 're mistaken. They don't know vhat I vas once. There is n't nothing in music that Gex has n't heard. I've seen everything fine, and I've heard everything fine, when I used to be always at the French opera."

"Oh, were you in the French opera?" interrupted Lady Jane, with sparkling eyes; "that's where Pepsie says I shall sing; and I 'm going to have flowers, and — and a throne, and — oh, I don't remember, but everything, *everything!*" she added, impressively, summing all up in one blissful whole.

"Vell, I should n't vonder, I should n't vonder," said Gex, looking at her proudly, with his head on one side, much like an antiquated crow, "for you 've got the voice already vhat would make soft the heart of one stone."

"Oh, Mr. Gex, where did *you* hear me sing?" and Lady Jane looked at him with grave surprise. "I never sang for any one but Pepsie, and Mam'selle Diane, and you were n't there."

"But I 've heard you sing, I 've heard you, my leetle lady," insisted the old man, with twinkling eyes. "It vas one morning, when you vas a-singing vith Mam'selle Diane, outside on the banquette. I stepped out, and there I heard you sing like one leetle bird; but you did n't know I vas a-listening."

"No, I did n't know it," said Lady Jane, smiling brightly again. "I 'm glad you heard me, and some day I 'll sing 'Sleep, baby, sleep' for you, if you 'd like to hear it."

Mr. Gex assured her that he would, and added that he adored music. "I have n't heard the fine music for many years," he remarked, with a little sigh, "and I used to be just crazed for it; but I vas different then, leetle lady, I vas different; you vould n't think it, but I vas different."

"You did n't wear a handkerchief over your ears then, did you, Mr. Gex?"

"No, no, my leetle lady; it vas the ear-ache vat made me tie up my ear."

"Did you wear an apron, and did you sew?" continued Lady Jane, very curious to know in what ways he was different.

"Vear an apron!" exclaimed Gex, holding up his hands. "Vhy, bless your leetle heart, I dressed like one gentleman. I vore the black clothes, fine and glossy. I vas one neat leetle man. My hair vas black and curly, and you von't believe it, I 'm afraid you von't believe it, but I vore the silk hose, and leetle fine shoes tied vith one ribbon, and one gold chain across my vaistcoat; and one ring on that finger," and Gex touched one of his hard and shrunken digits by way of emphasis.

"Did you, Mr. Gex—oh, did you?" and Lady Jane's eyes glistened, and her little face was one smile of delight. "Oh, how nice you must have looked. But you did n't have a fruit stall, then?"

"No, indeed; no, indeed; I vas in one fine business. I vas fashionable then; I vas one fine leetle gentleman."

"Mr. Gex, what *did* you do?" cried Lady Jane, in a little shrill impetuous voice, for her curiosity had reached the climax. "I want to know vhat you did when you curled your hair and wore a gold chain."

"I vas one professeur, leetle lady. I vas one professeur."

"One professeur! Oh, what is 'one professeur'?" cried Lady Jane, impatiently.

"He is one gentleman vhat does teach."

"Then you taught music. Oh, I've guessed it, you taught music," and Lady Jane looked at him admiringly. "Now I know why you like it so much!"

"No, no, leetle lady. It vas not the music. It vas the sister to the music; it vas the dance. I vas professeur of the dance. Think of that, of the dance. So nimble, so quick; see, like this," and little Gex, carried away by the memory of his former triumphs, took hold of the sides of his apron and made two or three quaint fantastic steps, ending them with a little pirouette and low bow which enchanted Lady Jane.

"Oh, how funny, how funny! Please do it again, won't you, Mr. Gex? Oh, do, *do!*"

Gex smiled indulgently, but shook his head. "No, no, leetle lady. Once is enough, just to show you how nimble and quick one professeur of the dance can be; but then I was young and supple and full of life. I was running over with life; I was one fine leetle gentleman, so springy and light, and I was all the fashion. Would you believe it, leetle lady? I had one fine grand house on Rue Royale, and all the rich peoples, and all the noblesse, and all the leetle gentlemen and the small leetle ladies like you came to the 'Professeur Gex' to learn the dance."

"But why, why, Mr. Gex, did you leave the Rue Royale?" asked Lady Jane, greatly puzzled at his changed condition, and anxious to know by what strange freak of destiny he had been brought to sell fruit and vegetables in Good Children Street, to wear an apron, and to mend his own stockings.

"Ah, vell, my leetle lady, it was many things what brought me to here," he replied, with a sigh of resignation. "You see I did not stay the fashion. I got old, and the rheumatism made me slow and stiff, and I was no more such a fine, light leetle gentleman. I could not jump and turn so nimble and quick, and a new professeur came from Paris, and to him went all my pupils. I had no money, because I was vairy fond of good living, and I lived high like one gentleman; and so, when I was old I was poor, and there was nothing but to sell the fruit and vegetable in Good Children Street."

"Oh, dear, dear, what a pity!" sighed Lady Jane, regretfully. To think that the mighty had fallen so low touched her loyal little heart, and brought the tears of sympathy to her blue eyes.

"Naiver mind, naiver mind. You see I was old and I could not teach the dance alway; but *attendez*, my leetle lady, listen to what I say," and he clasped his hands persuasively, and turned his head on one side, his little twinkling eyes full of entreaty. "Would you, now would you, like to learn the dance? I'm old, and I'm no more so nimble and light, but I know the steps, all the fine steps, and my leetle lady must learn the dance some time. Won't you let me teach you how to take the fine leetle steps?"

"Oh, Mr. Gex, *will* you?" cried Lady Jane, jumping down from her chair, with a flushed, eager face, and standing in front of the little dancing-master. "Do, do! I'm all ready. Teach them to me now!"

"Vell, that is all right; stand as you are and I will begin just now," said Gex, beaming with pleasure, while he hurriedly grasped the sides of his loose trousers and pushed his spectacles well on the top of his bald head. "Now, now, leetle lady, turn out your toes, take hold of your skirt; just so. Right foot, left foot, just so. Vatch me. Right foot, left foot. One, two, three! Right foot, one, two; left foot, one, two, three; half around, one, two, three; just so, vatch me! Back again, half around, one, two, one, two; ah, good, good, vairy good, my leetle lady! You will learn the dance so vell!"

It was a delicious picture that they made in the dingy little shop, surrounded by fruit and vegetables. Lady Jane, with her yellow, flying hair, her radiant rosy face, her gracious head coquettishly set on one side, her sparkling blue eyes fixed on Gex, her dainty little fingers holding out her short skirt, her slender, graceful legs, and tiny feet advancing and retreating in shy mincing steps, turning and whirling with a pretty swaying motion first one side, then the other, right in front of Gex, who, with a face of preternatural gravity, held out his loose trousers' legs and turned his small shoes to the correct angle, while he went through all the intricate steps of a first dancing-lesson in the quaint, old-fashioned style of fifty years ago; every movement being closely followed by the child with a grace and spirit really charming.

When the lesson was over and Lady Jane ran to tell her friend of this latest stroke of good fortune, Pepsie showed all her white teeth in a broad smile of satisfaction.

"Well, Lady," she said, "you *are* a lucky child! You've not only found a music-teacher, but you've found a dancing-master!"

CHAPTER XV.

LADY JANE MEETS WITH AN ADVENTURE.

CHRISTMAS came and went; and whatever hopes, desires, or regrets, filled the loving little heart of Lady Jane, the child kept them to her-

self, and was outwardly as bright and cheerful as on other days, although Pepsie, who watched her closely, thought that she detected a wistfulness in her eyes, and, at times, a sad note in the music of her happy voice. If the affection that finds expression in numerous Christmas gifts can make a child contented, Lady Jane had certainly no reason to complain.

The first thing on which her eyes fell when she awoke was her stockings, the slender legs very much swollen and bulged, hanging in Madame's chimney-corner, waiting to be relieved of their undue expansion. Even Raste—the extravagant and impecunious Raste—had remembered her; for a very dressy doll, with a French gilt bangle encircling its waist (the bangle being intended not for the doll, but for Lady Jane), bore a card on which was inscribed in bold characters, "M. Adraste Jozain," and, underneath the name, "A mery Crismus." Adraste was very proud of his English, and as Lady Jane was more grateful than critical it passed muster. Then, there was a basket of fruit from Gex; and beside the basket nestled a little yellow duckling, which came from Mam'selle Diane, as Lady Jane knew without looking at the tiny old-fashioned card attached to it. And, after she had been made happy at home, she still had another pleasure in store; for Pepsie, wishing to witness the pleasure of her little friend, had the Paichoux presents, with her own and Madelon's, beautifully arranged on her table, and carefully covered until the important moment of unveiling. Every Paichoux had remembered Lady Jane, and a finer array of picture-books, dolls, and toys was never spread before a happier child; but the presents which pleased her most, were a small music-box from Madelon, a tiny silver thimble from Pepsie, and Mam'selle Diane's little duckling. These she kept always among her treasures.

"The day I like best," said Pepsie, after Lady Jane had exhausted all adjectives expressive of admiration, "is the *Jour de l'An*, New Year's, as you call it. Then Tante Modeste and the children come, and bring bonbons and fireworks, and the street is lighted from one end to the other, and the sky is full of rockets and Roman candles, and there is so much noise, and every one is merry—because the New Year has come."

At that moment, Tite Souris entered with an expressive grin on her ebony face, and an air of great mystery.

"Here you, chil'ums, I done got yer Crismus. Doan' say nufin' 'bout it, 'cause tain't nufin' much. I ain't got no money ter buy dolls, an' sech; so I jes' bought yer boaf a 'stage plank.' I lowed yer might lak a 'stage plank.'"

Unfolding a large yellow paper, she laid a huge sheet of coarse black gingerbread on the table among Lady Jane's treasures.

"Thank you, Tite," said Lady Jane, eying the strange object askance. "What is it?"

"Oh, lor', Miss Lady, ain't ye neber seed a 'stage plank'? It's ter eat. It's *good*; ain't it, Miss Peps'?"

"I don't know, Tite; I never ate one," replied Pepsie, smiling broadly; "but I dare say it's good. It's kind of you to think of us, and we'll try it, by and by."

"Dear me!" said Pepsie, after Tite, who was grinning with satisfaction, had left the room. "What shall we do with it? We *can't* eat it?"

"Perhaps Tony will," exclaimed Lady Jane, eagerly. "He will eat almost anything. He ate all Tante Pauline's shrimps the other day, and he swallowed two live toads in Mam'selle Diane's garden. Oh, he's got a dreadful appetite! Tante Pauline says she can't afford to feed him," and she looked anxiously at her greedy pet.

"Well, we'll try him," said Pepsie, breaking off a piece of the "stage plank" and throwing it to Tony. The bird gobbled it down promptly, and then looked for more.

Lady Jane clapped her hands delightedly. "Oh, is n't Tony nice to eat it? But we must n't let Tite know, because she'd be sorry that we did n't like it. We'll keep it and give it all to Tony." And in this way Tite's "stage plank" was disposed of.

If Christmas was a merry day to Lady Jane, New Year's was certainly a happy one. The Paichoux children came, as Pepsie said they would, loaded with bonbons and fireworks, and all day the neighborhood was lively with their fun—and such a dinner as they brought with them! Lady Jane thought there never could be anything as pretty as the table in Madelon's little room, loaded, as it was, with all sorts of

good things. Tante Modeste went home to dine with her husband; but the children remained until the milk-cart came for them, when it was quite dark.

After they were all gone, and quiet was restored to the tiny dwelling, Lady Jane remarked to Pepsie that she thought New Year's *was* better than Christmas.

Pepsie was teaching her to read and sew, and Mam'selle Diane was drilling her in scales,—although at times Madame d'Hautreuve grumbled and quavered about the noise, and declared that the child was too young; for, stretch them all she could, her tiny fingers would *not* reach an octave.

And then there were the dancing lessons,

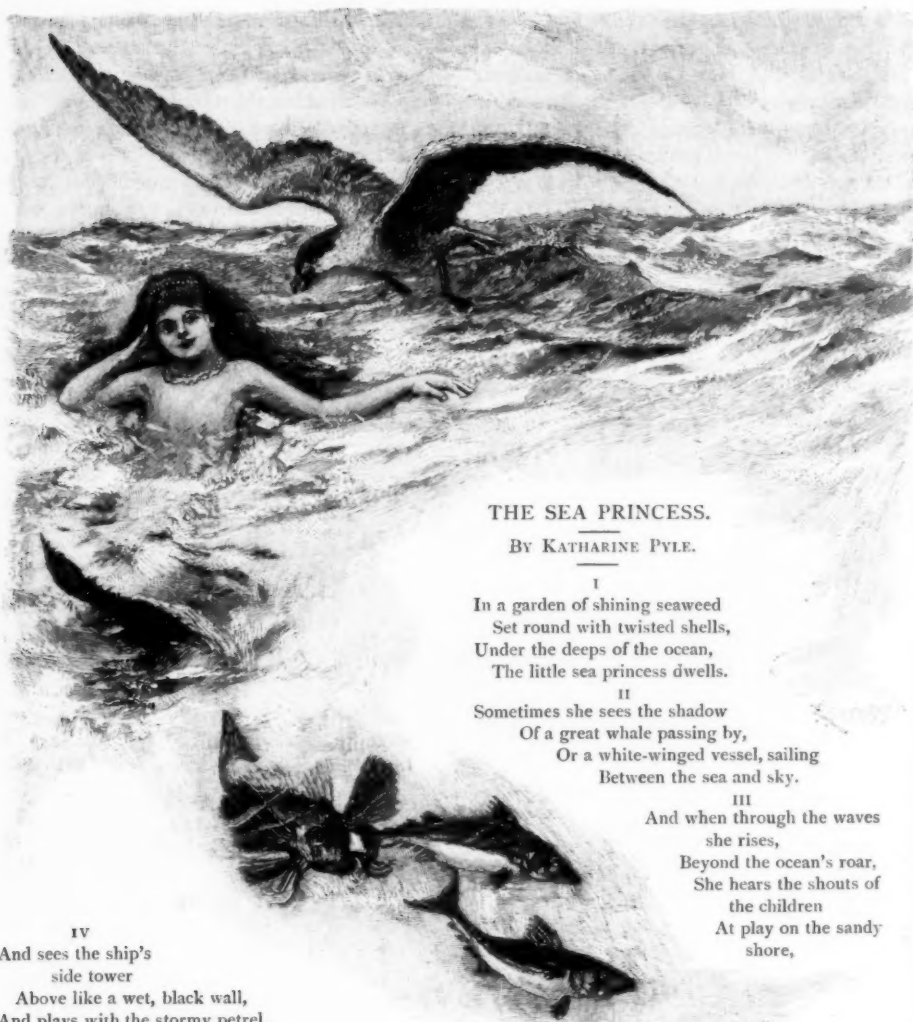


"But just wait," said Pepsie, smiling mysteriously; "just wait until Carnival! Christmas and New Year's are lovely; but Mardi-Gras — oh, Mardi-Gras! there's *nothing* like it in the world!"

Lady Jane wondered very much what Mardi-Gras was; but tried to wait patiently until that wonderful day should arrive. The time did not pass slowly to her, surrounded as she was by tender care and affection.

which were always a pleasure, and a constant source of amusement in which Pepsie and Tite Souris shared, Pepsie as an enraptured spectator, and Tite Souris by personating Mr. Gex in Lady Jane's frequent rehearsals; and even Tony had caught the spirit of Terpsichore, and under Lady Jane's constant instruction had learned to take steps, to mince and hop and pirouette, if not as correctly, at least as gracefully, as the ancient Professor Gex.

(To be continued.)



THE SEA PRINCESS.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

I

In a garden of shining seaweed
Set round with twisted shells,
Under the deeps of the ocean,
The little sea princess dwells.

II

Sometimes she sees the shadow
Of a great whale passing by,
Or a white-winged vessel, sailing
Between the sea and sky.

III

And when through the waves
she rises,
Beyond the ocean's roar,
She hears the shouts of
the children
At play on the sandy
shore,

IV

And sees the ship's
side tower
Above like a wet, black wall,
And plays with the stormy petrel,
And answers the sea-gull's call.

V

But deep down under the water
Better she loves to play,
Setting a rock with sea-shells
Purple and pink and gray ;

VI

Stringing with pearls a necklace,
Or learning curious spells
From the water-witch, gray and
ancient,
And hearing the tales she tells.

VII

Without the palace, her sea-horse
Feeds in his crystal stall,
And fishes, with scales that glisten,
Come leaping forth at her call.

VIII

And when the day has faded
From over the lonesome deep,
In a shell as smooth as satin
The princess is rocked to sleep.

BAT, BALL, AND DIAMOND.

BY WALTER CAMP.

FIFTH PAPER:

THE BATTERY.

MORE than the professional nine, the amateur nine is dependent for its success upon the work of the battery. For this reason it is that so much time and attention are devoted to the men composing this battery, throughout the season as well as in preliminary training. The greatest cause of poor work by pitcher and catcher at the outset may be said to be lame arms. A pitcher whose arm is lame will go on exhausting himself, punishing the catcher, and breaking down the nerve of his nine from inning to inning, until the game is irretrievably lost. A catcher with a lame arm soon betrays his inability to throw to the bases; and the opponents steal second and then third, until his own nine feel that if a runner reaches first he has merely to trot around to third. Demoralization always follows, and the nine "goes to pieces."

The first problem to be studied, then, is how to avoid a lame arm, and the second, how to cure it if the misfortune comes. A lame arm is usually acquired early in the season; for, when the muscles are thoroughly trained and kept in good condition, lameness seldom results from any cause except some foolish overwork (such, for instance, as pitching several hard games a week for two or three weeks). This overwork is not the temptation to an amateur player that it is to the professional; but occasionally a combination of circumstances makes an unusual demand upon an amateur, and he is then even more likely than the professional to forget that his arm is not a machine. On this account it is well to state that two games a week should be the limit for the amateur pitcher. In fact, even that allowance, continued steadily, is very likely to weaken his pitching.

The preparatory training for the pitcher should be even more gradual than that of the other players. He should begin in the winter to take

up all the exercises suggested for increasing the suppleness and strength of the muscles of the arm and shoulder, particularly the latter. He should use the light dumb-bells, going through as great a variety of motions as the most thorough system provides. He should vary the bells by exercises with the Indian-clubs. After a week of this, he ought to do some rope-climbing and swinging on the flying-rings, if he enjoys the advantages of a well-equipped gymnasium. Every day he should throw a little, both overhand and underhand, but without attempting anything like speed, and he should avoid curves until he has had two weeks or more of this general exercise.

He may then begin upon the curves with a degree of safety; taking preferably the in-curves first, for a day or two, and later the out-curves. If a comrade can go through the work with him, nothing could be better; for they may be mutually useful, not only in keeping up the interest, but also by acting as massage operators upon each other. The arm and shoulder should be thoroughly rubbed and kneaded every day, and if there be any suspicion of lameness a little alcohol or cider-brandy may be rubbed in. The pitcher should not be called upon to pitch for any cage-batting except at his own desire, and even then he should not be allowed to do very much of it.

Having made a good beginning, and having with no apparent difficulty reached a point where he can get his curves and speed without any feeling of exhaustion or heaviness in the arm or shoulder, the next point of danger comes with the first outdoor practice. For this reason, it is an excellent plan for the pitcher to go into the open air for a little preliminary work some days before the rest of the nine are put into the field. In doing this he must remember that he should be almost as careful again as he was while getting broken in for the winter work. He should do no hard pitching for several days, and should have his arm and shoulder

well rubbed with alcohol after his exercise. Until the weather is warm and settled, the pitcher should avoid hard pitching, or he will bitterly repent it. To cure a lame arm is a difficult task, but of course the treatment will vary with the nature and extent of the injury. Recovery is a question of rest and the encouragement of union by means of electricity, friction, or other gentle stimulus to the circulation through the part. As a rule it is wise to seek at once a physician or surgeon.

Before entering upon a description of the work of the experienced pitcher after he is once started for the season, it is only fair to tell some of the younger aspirants for pitcher's honors something of the methods of acquiring the various curves and "shoots." There have been almost numberless articles written describing the theory of curving a ball. These are more interesting to theorists than to ball-players. The fact itself remains that a base-ball may be made to describe more or less of a curve while traversing the distance between the pitcher and the batsman; and that curve is accomplished by imparting a certain twist to the ball as it leaves the pitcher's hand. No matter how thoroughly one might explain to a man of no experience the way to balance upon a bicycle, the first attempt would result invariably in the machine and rider losing that balance. So the would-be pitcher must remember that no description will enable him to curve the ball at his first attempts. In fact, it is more discouraging than learning bicycle-riding, because there one feels at the very first trial the near possibility of success; whereas, it is many a day before the novice can impart even a very slight curve to the base-ball. Perseverance will surely be rewarded eventually, however, in this as in any other practice.

The easiest curve, and the one to be acquired first, is the out-curve. The simplest method is to take the ball in the hand between the extended thumb, first and second finger, the third and little finger being closed. The ball rests against the middle joint of the third finger, but is firmly clasped by the first two and the thumb. If the arm be then extended horizontally from the shoulder, with the palm of the hand up, it will be seen that if the ball were spun like a top by the two fingers and thumb it would turn in the

way indicated by the arrow in the diagram. This is the way it must twist to accomplish the out-curve. If this idea be borne in mind, and the ball be thus thrown, the thrower will immediately discover that the simpler way to impart this twist is not the spinning motion, but rather a snap as the ball is leaving the fingers, performed almost entirely without the aid of the thumb. The sensation is that of throwing the ball hard, but dragging it back with the ends and

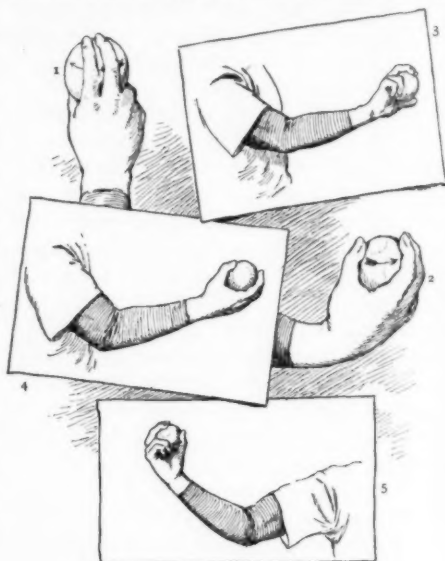


DIAGRAM OF PITCHER'S CURVES.

FIG. 1 shows the position of the ball and pitcher's fingers as seen when looking directly at the back of the hand, whether the pitcher is to deliver an out or in curve. For an in-curve, the pitcher lets the ball go from his hand so that it last touches the inside of the second finger, causing the ball to rotate in the direction indicated by the arrow; and Fig. 3 shows the position of the arm as it turns just previous to letting the ball go for this curve.

FIG. 2 shows the position of the ball and fingers as seen by one looking at the side of the hand, instead of at the back; and is the same, when the first motion of the arm begins, whether the pitcher is to deliver an "out" or an "in." If an out-curve be delivered, the pitcher will allow the ball to pass out of his hand so that it last touches that side of the forefinger nearest the thumb; thus causing the ball to rotate in the direction indicated by the arrow in Fig. 2.

FIG. 4 shows the position of the arm just previous to letting the ball go when an out-curve is delivered.

FIG. 5 shows the beginning of the motion; and as the arm comes forward, if an out-curve be delivered the hand turns with the motion of turning a screw; while if an in-curve is delivered the motion is reversed, or is as the hand would turn in extracting a screw.

sides of the fingers just as it leaves the hand. In practicing to acquire this curve, it is best to swing the arm not straight out, but bent at the

elbow, with the ball just a little higher than the shoulder. When the curve is once acquired, it is simple enough to impart it to the ball, whether the arm is swinging high or low, straight or bent. None but the out-curve should be attempted until the pitcher finds himself able to make the

ball take a quite perceptible bend.



AN "OUT-CURVE"—THE BEGINNING.

ball take a quite perceptible bend. The in-curve is the reverse of the out, and never can be made so marked. The ball is held as for the out-curve, but is made to go out between the second and third fingers. Both these curves can be accomplished by the use of the whole hand instead of the two fingers, but it is easier to learn to perform them in the way described. The "rise" and "drop" are also possible, and are effected by imparting to the ball the twists illustrated in the diagrams, page 826. These two curves can be accomplished very readily, after the out and in are acquired, by simply changing the position of the hand, so that the same twist as that which makes the ball curve out will make it curve up; while the twist which makes it curve in will make it drop. For instance, the hand held as in Fig. 4 will effect an out-curve, and when turned a little with the same twist will effect an up-curve or rise. The drop is sometimes also accomplished by allowing the ball to roll over the end of the fingers, this giving it the tendency to shoot down. The arm should be drawn up rather



AN "OUT-CURVE"—THE END.

sharply as the ball goes over the tips of the fingers. All these curves are susceptible of various combinations one with another, so that pitchers make use of the out-drop and the in-rise, the in-drop and the out-rise. Any combination

to pitch what many writers have called a "snake ball," that is, one which will have a change of curve, in effect, opposite to that with which it started, exists in the imagination only, unless the ball be blown out of its course by the wind. The effect of a strong wind upon the ball is very marked, and when it is toward the pitcher and against the ball, it aids materially in increasing the tendency to curve. When with the ball, it renders the curve less easy to produce and less marked. A left-handed pitcher is able to make much more of what to a right-handed batsman is an in-curve, for to such a pitcher it is the easiest one to produce; while its opposite, or the out-curve to a right-handed batsman, is correspondingly weak.

The training of the catcher has in it less variety, and is in consequence far more tedious than that of the pitcher. The work of strengthening the muscles of the shoulder and arm is the same as that described for the pitcher; but in the throwing practice, the catcher should devote his attention to the short-arm throw. He should begin at the short distance of perhaps fifty feet, and increase that distance very gradually. In fact, he ought, even when he can readily throw the full distance from home to second with comparative ease, to do most of his throwing at two-thirds that distance. After the nine has begun to work in the field, it is not advisable for the catcher to throw to second anything like the number of times the majority of amateurs attempt daily. Only after the nine has been out-of-doors for two or three weeks is so much of the full-distance throwing safe for any catcher who wishes to have his arm in good condition.



PITCHING A "DROP" BALL.

The position of the feet in throwing is all important. If he be a strong man of moderate weight, he can, and should, throw without changing the position of his feet. To this object his gymnasium practice should be devoted. Standing steadily upon his feet in the exact

position assumed at the moment of catching the ball, he should with a slight swing at the hips be able to send the ball down. Throwing in a cage with a low ceiling is the best thing possible for him, as it forces him to throw hard and on a line. A point of catcher's practice, which does not enter into the work of the pitcher, is that of toughening the hands. Rowing on the machines, climbing the rope, swinging on the flying-rings, and hand-ball, if there be any court for that excellent game, will all tend toward this end. He should consider, however, that it is not merely toughening the *skin* of the hands that is desirable, but also hardening the flesh so that it is not easily bruised. For this reason he should "pass ball" without gloves regularly every day. At the outset he should receive no swift balls, and should stop at the first feeling of anything beyond a moderate tingling of the palms. His hands should receive their full preparatory hardening before he goes out into the field, for ordinary carefulness demands that he should do no catching behind the bat after the season commences except with hands thoroughly protected by well-padded gloves. What is commonly called a "stone bruise" is one of the tenderest and most lasting mementos of carelessness in this respect. In his gymnasium practice he should wear the mask. This seems to most catchers a useless bore; but the captain or coach should insist upon it, and the mask should become almost a part of the catcher himself. All his throwing and passing should be performed with his eyes behind its wires, in order that, from becoming thoroughly accustomed to it, it may add no inconvenience to his work. The breastplate need not be so rigorously insisted upon, but even this should be worn frequently. The right-hand glove must always be worn when practicing throwing, in order that this also shall offer no unusual difficulty in the later work. Many a catcher may think that it looks silly to stand up with a mask and glove on to throw at a mark; but there is every reason for doing this, and he will himself appreciate the value of such practice when he stands accoutered on the field behind the batsman and with a runner on first.

As often as it is convenient, the catcher, particularly if a novice, should have some one

swing the bat before him while he is "passing ball" in the gymnasium. By the time he gets out-of-doors, he should be thoroughly accustomed to the close proximity of the batsman and the swing of the bat, so that it does not disconcert him in the least or affect his holding the ball. It is no very difficult achievement for a novice to prepare for this part of the catcher's duties. He should begin by having a comrade swing the bat quite far from the actual course of the ball, say a foot above or below it, while the pitcher tosses the ball at slow speed. After several days more, the pitcher should slightly accelerate his delivery, and the batsman swing the bat within four or five inches of the ball. After a few days of this latter practice, the novice will find that he does not flinch at all, and from that time on, all that he needs is daily practice behind the bat to become perfectly at home so far as catching the ball is concerned.

When the battery have left the gymnasium and are fairly settled down to regular field-practice, they require the strictest of supervision to prevent them from doing foolish things. For instance, all the nine have the strongest fancy for batting the delivery of the regular pitcher. They like the practice, and know that it is good for their batting. The pitcher, likewise, is prone to a vanity that urges him on to extreme effort when pitching to members of his own nine; and while such effort to a moderate degree is an excellent thing for him, it will be found that, left to himself, he will very likely enter into a duel with the batsman and pitch himself into exhaustion or a lame arm before the batsman will tire of the sport. He therefore should be permitted to pitch to one or, perhaps, two batsmen daily, just enough to give him a little interest; while the rest of his pitching practice should be very limited, and should have no element in it that would tempt him to pitch a single ball after his arm is tired. When the season is at its height, the games themselves will give him enough to do without any pitching to his own men—unless he may occasionally desire to try the effect of some new delivery upon the batsman. In that case he should be free to select his own victims as he may require them. The pitcher should also practice throwing to bases, paying particular attention to holding a

runner close upon first base. He should aim to acquire such precision in this as habitually to throw four out of five balls successively in practically the same spot—namely, at about the height of the baseman's knee and just a little toward second. The same relative place is a good one for throwing to the other bases, for the purpose to be borne in mind is not to throw *at* the base, but to cut off the runner.

The catcher needs little watching, but the captain or coach must never allow him to stand before any swift pitching if his hands are sore. Sometimes a plucky fellow will not care to tell everybody that his hands are sore, and it therefore must be the captain's business to know all about this. The pitcher should tell the captain; for it is the pitcher who will notice the unavoidable wince that is the proof of a catcher's sore hand. The catcher should do a moderate amount of throwing to all the bases every day, and he ought also to practice receiving the ball from both in-fielders and out-fielders at the home plate, in order that he may be able to put the ball on a runner coming in from third. For general work, it is not a bad plan to have both catcher and pitcher bat to the in-fielders, as it gives them relaxation as well as exercise good for all-around development.

Their work with one another is of the most vital interest to the success of the nine, for in it lies the best part of the strength of the battery. If two men do not get on well together, it is an almost hopeless task to make of them a successful battery. In the matter of signals, as almost every one nowadays understands, they must be thoroughly accustomed to each other. These signals indicate what kind of ball is to be pitched, and sometimes the catcher gives them, sometimes the pitcher. If the catcher be a good judge of batsmen, and the pitcher be of a disposition inclining him to depend upon some one else, it is best that the catcher give the signals. It is also less likely to attract the attention of the coaches or batsmen, as the catcher can better conceal a gesture. The pitcher may, however, give them if it seems necessary. Signal systems of great ingenuity may be concocted, but as a rule the simpler they are, without too great risk of discovery, the better, as neither player should have his mind distracted

from his work any more than is necessary by being obliged to think twice about a signal. A movement of the thumb or a finger, as the catcher stands with his hands on his knees preparatory to receiving the ball, is the most common; and if the catcher keep his hands on the inner sides of the legs in giving this signal it is



CATCHER THROWING DOWN TO SECOND.

difficult for the coach to catch it. The height at which he holds his hands may indicate the kind of delivery he wants. A movement of the head, the position of the feet—all may be made useful in this way.

I remember one college catcher who gave the signals for an out-curve or an in-curve in a peculiar manner, and one which was never sus-

pected by any one not in the secret. The signal consisted in the relative position of a certain wire in the mask, to his eyes. If he looked over this wire he wanted an in-curve; if under it, an out-curve. The change in position of his head was almost imperceptible, but it was unmistakable to the pitcher who understood its significance. Ward once told a very good story apropos of signaling. A certain pitcher was giving the signals, and the man who was catching was comparatively a stranger to his delivery. It appears that the signals which the pitcher was giving were a smile and a frown; and after a time, the first-base man, who had been in the habit of catching for the same pitcher, began to expostulate with the new catcher for his wretched work.

"Why," replied the poor fellow, "the sun is in that pitcher's eyes, and he squints his face up so that I can't tell, for the life of me, whether he's grinning or scowling!"

It is customary for the one of the pair who is

good judge can in this way often be of great assistance to the other.

In his pitching to batsmen, the pitcher should bear in mind that it is by no means possible to strike out all, or even a moderate proportion, of the men who face him; whereas it *is* possible to prevent the majority from hitting the ball just where they wish. The first principle to keep before him, then, is to make the batsmen hit the ball either close up on the handle or out at the end of the bat. In either case the hit will probably be one which may be easily fielded so as to result in putting out the batsman. By the judicious use of the rise or drop, also, the pitcher may cause the batsman to hit flies or grounders, according to the delivery. If his out-field be exceptionally good, it is often good policy to make the batsman knock a fly. Again, a weakness in the out-field accompanied by unusual strength in the in-field may indicate that he should endeavor to make the batsman keep the ball on the ground. There are, correspondingly,



CATCHER SIGNALING TO PITCHER BY RELATIVE POSITION OF THE MASK AND HIS EYES.

not giving the signals, to be perfectly free to shake his head if he does not approve of any particular delivery which has been signaled, and his comrade then gives the sign for a different curve. In a strong battery the man who is a

occasions when, with men on the bases and less than two out, a pitcher can greatly relieve the feelings of his nine by striking out one or two men, and it is upon such an occasion that he should make an especial effort to accomplish this. All these things he should consider in practice, as well as in games, and train himself accordingly. He should also think of his catcher; and, in a game, remember that he is giving the man behind the bat a deal more work to do, if he continually labors to strike out the men, than if he judiciously controls their hitting so that the rest of the nine shares in the labor. When there is a man on first who is known to be a good and daring base-stealer, it is also good policy to refrain from pitching the ball in such a manner as to give the catcher a

poor opportunity for his throw, as, for instance, sending an in-shoot very close to the batsman, or a slow out-curve which will give the runner a

two bases instead of one. No matter what has happened, it is the catcher's business to *get the ball* as quickly as possible, and make any neces-



A PITCHER'S VICTIM. OUT ON STRIKES.

long lead on the ball. It is the pitcher's business to keep the base-runner as close to the base as possible, and to have his delivery of the ball to the batsman accompanied by as little preliminary step and swing as is consistent with good work, because in that way the runner cannot get very far toward second before the catcher receives the ball. The best of catchers can not throw out even a moderately fast runner unless the pitcher assists in this way.

The catcher, on his part, must return the kindnesses of the pitcher by like consideration. He must begin by a resolution to try for everything, and to consider no ball beyond his reach, no matter how wild. If he cannot catch it, he may by an effort at least stop it; and nothing is so encouraging to the pitcher as to see that his catcher will try for even the wildest pitch. It is the fashion of some amateur catchers, if there has been a mistake in the signal, or a wild pitch, to stand a moment to cast a reproachful look at the pitcher before starting after the ball. This is, of course, absurd. It never does any good; it usually disgusts the pitcher and the rest of the nine, and allows the runner to take

sary explanation later. The catcher should also be very willing in the matter of trying for foul flies. It makes glad the heart of the pitcher to



CATCHER RUNNING FOR A "FOUL FLY."

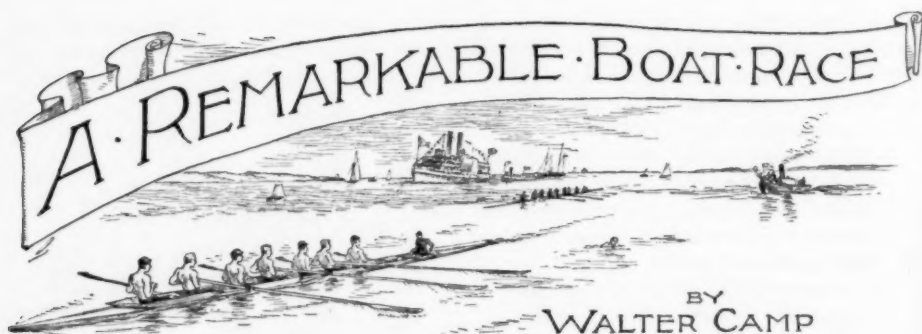
see a batsman go out on a foul fly, and the catcher should be mindful of this.

One very difficult ball for most catchers to handle is a high, swift rise which passes the batsman's face; and as it is, in the hands of a pitcher who uses it well, a very effective ball, the catcher should devote plenty of practice to it, until he is absolutely sure of holding it. It will sometimes go a little higher than the pitcher intends, and unless the catcher gives him good support, the pitcher becomes afraid to use it, and thus loses a strong feature of his delivery.

The catcher, even though he be an excellent thrower, should not fall into the error of throwing too frequently to first and third. An occasional throw when there is a chance of catching a too venturesome runner is good policy; but simply to return the ball to the pitcher by way of first or third is inviting the accident of a mis-play which will give a runner a base and perhaps a run. Throwing to second has been dwelt

upon already to considerable length; but one thing may be added, and that is, that a catcher will find it productive of the greatest improvement to his work in this respect, if he will make a point of catching every ball, no matter whether there be a runner on first or not, exactly as if he must throw it to second. He will be astonished at the marked increase in quickness that comes from making this a habit. One word more for the catcher, and that in regard to returning the ball to the pitcher. Bearing in mind that the pitcher has a long task before him, the catcher should return the ball to him as accurately as possible; never falling into the slipshod habit of sending it back carelessly so that the poor pitcher is kept dancing hither and yon to catch these returns. The ball should be so returned by the catcher as to go on a clean first bound almost into his very hands.

(To be continued.)



AS SEEN FROM THE REFEREE'S LAUNCH.

It was the day of the long talked-of Atalanta-Yale race; and every one was on the tip-toe of expectancy at the thought of the question of boating supremacy to be settled between the champion amateur-eight and the champion college-eight. Experts in boating matters had expressed differing opinions as to the probable result, and every one at all interested in rowing had read of the merits of the rival crews. The gen-

eral opinion was that the Atalantas would lead for at least two miles, and then would strain every nerve to hold that advantage to the end of the four miles which had been agreed upon as the distance. The race was to be rowed between the hours of ten and seven, at any time when the conditions of wind, tide, and water were most favorable. At nine o'clock, the wind had sprung up; and the crews, referee, and judges, who were assembled at the Yale boat-house in preparation for the start, began to cast dubious looks at the

flags as they stood out straight from the poles in the freshening breeze. The course had been laid out in the harbor, extending four miles direct from the outside breakwater to the end of Long Wharf. The boat-house stood a mile back from the long pier, and the boats of both crews were here housed until the referee should order them out for the race. The Long Wharf, and boats and bridges were black with people by ten o'clock. Eleven o'clock, and still the wind whipped the water into waves, not high, but too rough for the low, eight-oared shells to ride without danger of becoming filled before the four miles could be rowed. Now the only hope of the weather-wise was that on the turn

at once crept gingerly into their cranky shells and paddled up to the line.

Soon the shells were in place, the referee called out, "Are you ready?" and then his "Go!" rang out like a pistol-shot. The sixteen oar-blades were buried and the two boats sprang forward like unleashed hounds, the Yale bow a trifle to the fore. Now for the lead! The Yale crew have been told that they must not be alarmed if the Atalantas should at first succeed in obtaining the coveted lead, but they have also been instructed to "spurt" up to thirty-five strokes to the minute (which is four above their regular number) rather than let these sturdy rivals have their own way at this point. Both



of the tide, just after noon, the wind would slacken. This hope proved well-founded, for by twelve o'clock the flags were drooping, and the water becoming quieter, the referee ordered out the boats, and the crews hastened to bring the slender shells.

The Yale crew then jumped aboard the referee's steam launch, which started down the harbor, towing the shell. A steam tug performed the same offices for the Atalantas. As the two little steamers puffed down past the piers, the "Rah! rah!—Yale!" of the college sympathizers mingled with the cheers of the friends of the Atalantas. By the time they reached the starting-flag, the course was by no means bad except at a few exposed points. The two crews

are putting forth all their strength; the Yale blades splash a little more than those of the Atalantas, but nevertheless the power of their stroke keeps them still a foot ahead. Almost stroke for stroke they row, but now the Yale boat is traveling more smoothly on her keel and she begins to draw away. The half-mile flag is passed, and there is clear water between the boats. Down drops Yale's stroke to thirty-one, while the Atalantas' must remain at thirty-four.

On they go, the space between the boats slowly growing until, at the mile, Yale is three lengths ahead. At the mile and a half they have increased this lead to four lengths, and it begins to look as if it were "all over but the

shouting." The Yale blades go more smoothly now, and there is hardly a splash in the rhythmic swing of the rising and falling oars when — what! stroke has ceased to row! See the spurning sheet of water rising over his motionless oar! Oh, Allen! — no one thought you 'd fail! But why does he not recover? The water still leaps from the dragging blade; the cause is plain — he has broken his oar, and Yale's chances are gone! What a pity, after their fine work and with such a lead! Allen is reaching out and unlocking his rowlock to set the oar free and stop its impeding drag upon the boat. The Yale oars go bravely on, not a stroke lost, although there are only seven oarsmen now. But the Atalantas are creeping up, and it is manifestly a hopeless task for those seven men to carry a "passenger" as heavy as Allen over the remaining two miles, and keep ahead of the eight in red who are now steadily overhauling them. Allen has succeeded in freeing the broken oar and drops the two treacherous bits into the water astern. Poor fellow, it will break his heart to watch the steady approach of that slender prow behind and be unable to help his men! See, he turns and says something to starboard-stroke, and now — he is certainly going to stand up! Just leaning forward, he rises as the seven oars make their catch and lift the boat firmly; and, almost without a splash, over he

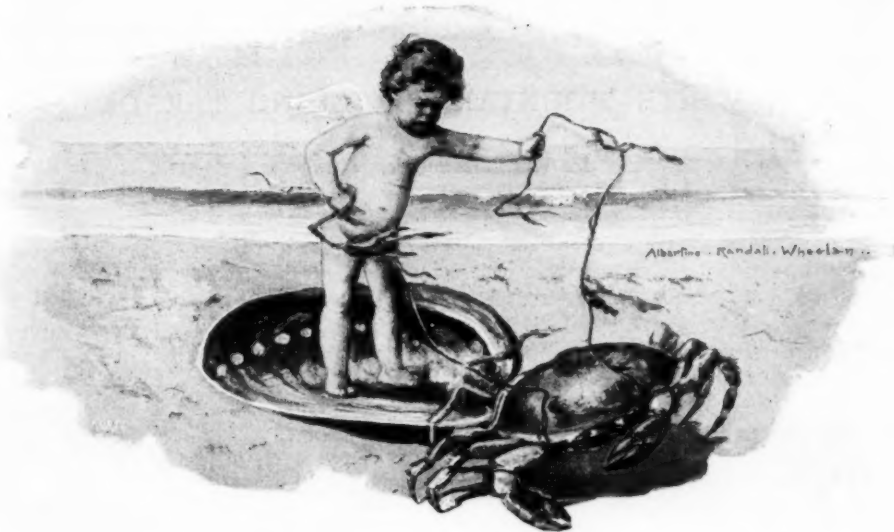
goes, clear of the boat, which shoots ahead as he turns in the water and calls cheerfully, "Go in and win!" A few strokes of his muscular arms, and he is reached by the launch and swings himself up into her bows the hero of the hour! Now his crew still has a chance to win, for the loss of his oar is partly compensated by the decreased weight. A half mile will tell the story, for they have lost but a length or two of their lead. As they pass the next flag it is evident that the Atalantas are no longer gaining, and at the three miles they are surely dropping farther astern! Only a mile more, and if the plucky little coxswain can keep up the courage of his seven men, Allen will have no cause to mourn. We are near enough to hear the coxswain shout, "Only a half mile more, boys; keep it up and we 'll beat them yet!" The boats at the finish begin to see them coming, and the whistles blow and the cheers come rolling over the water, encouraging them to hold that powerful swing just a little longer. Two minutes — and "bang" goes the gun on the judge's boat and the Yale crew shoot by, the winners of one of the most remarkable races ever rowed. And how the boys will make heroes of them all! — Allen for his coolness and pluck, the coxswain for his skill and courage, the starboard-stroke for his steady work, and all the crew for their endurance and nerve!



BY FRANCIS RANDALL.

LONG years ago, when the tide was low
One lazy summer's day,
From a distant star to a sandy bar
A cupid winged his way.

His quick glance fell upon a shell;
A crab lay on the shore;
With seaweed fine he made a line,
And hitched the crab before.



"Go 'long!" he cries. In sad surprise,
He finds the reins are slack;
And though he plead to move ahead
The crab began to back.

In vain is talk; of ways to walk,
The crabs possess queer notions;—

One would suppose so many toes
Would give much better motions.

This cupid, though, was bound to go;
On riding he was bent.
He tied the crab behind his cab,
And said, "Go back!" He went.



A WHITE MOUNTAIN COACHING PARADE.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.



THE MANAGING COMMITTEE, AND A PART OF THE PARADE.

ON the clear and bright August morning chosen for the White Mountain Coaching Parade, all the roads within twenty-five miles lead to Bethlehem. On other days there is a long, wood-shaded drive to the Notch or the Flume; a steep climb to Mt. Agassiz; a pleasant mountain road to Franconia, or Crawford's, or the Glen. But to-day no one mentions these attractions. Every boy and girl, every young man and maiden, who can possibly get there, is going to Bethlehem to the annual Coaching Parade. And every horse and every vehicle of whatever age or physical condition is engaged for the occasion.

Do you know how many young people can ride on and over and around the roof of a full-sized mountain tally-ho? Of course, upon this fine summer morning no one wishes to ride inside if he can find a corner to cling to on the roof. This is the way twenty-four young people arranged themselves on a big tally-ho, for a twenty-five mile ride to Bethlehem, one coaching day: First, there were two on the seat with the driver. Then four sat on the roof seat just be-

hind; four more were on the front "upper-deck" seat, above the roof; four on the seat next behind; four in the "rumble"; four on the rear of the roof, facing the rumble; and, as there were two more very anxious for places on top, and quite willing to be inconvenienced, cushions were placed for them between the roof seat, behind the driver, and the front "upper-deck" seat. In this latter position no allowance is made for feet, which therefore had to swing over the side of the coach.

But no one stops to think of discomfort this busy morning. The inside seats are quickly taken by older people, banners displaying the house colors are spread, the young man in the rumble sounds the bugle, and the six horses dash away amid the farewell cheers of stay-at-home guests.

If a drive of twenty miles is before us, we have taken our early breakfasts and by nine o'clock are well on our way; for mountain roads are not level nor favorable for making time, and the grand procession will move at eleven. Off we go, under long shady stretches of birches,

maples, and pine-trees, through which are stealing flecks of silver sunshine; starting up all the squirrels and crows and bluebirds, and waking sudden echoes which seem to mock the loud laughter and the bugle notes. The roads are smooth and hard, the horses are in the best condition, the sky is blue, the sunshine brilliant, and a tally-ho song or some college glee rings out from the glad young passengers on the rumbling coach.

The procession of ornamented coaches and other vehicles is to move from Maplewood, one mile distant from Bethlehem, down the entire length of the street, and then return to the starting-point to receive the prizes. These are four

awards to the successful competitors the pretty silk banners which constitute the premiums.

On every road to the north, east, south, and west long lines of carriages are pouring into the wide Bethlehem street; and every carriage is crowded to its utmost capacity with visitors. The girls are in bright summer costumes and bear banners and pennants. The young men, in brilliant tennis-blazers and negligee costumes, are giving the mountain calls or "yells,"—cries adopted according to the well-known college custom and uttered with more energy than music. Here for instance is a heavily loaded coach, the passengers of which on meeting another coach cry, in strong, distinct chorus:



THE COACH FROM THE TWIN-MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

in number, and are offered, first, for the coach load of prettiest girls; second, for the most beautifully decorated coach; third, for the finest horses and equipments: fourth, for the coach coming the greatest distance. There is also a second prize in each class, making eight in all, and the governor of New Hampshire

Look-off! Look-off! Who are you?
We're from the Look-off!
How do you do?

And the second coach-load replies:

Hurrah for the silver!
Hurrah for the white!
We're from the Howard!
We're all right.

A third chimes in with an indescribable and very ingenious call to which no pen could do justice:

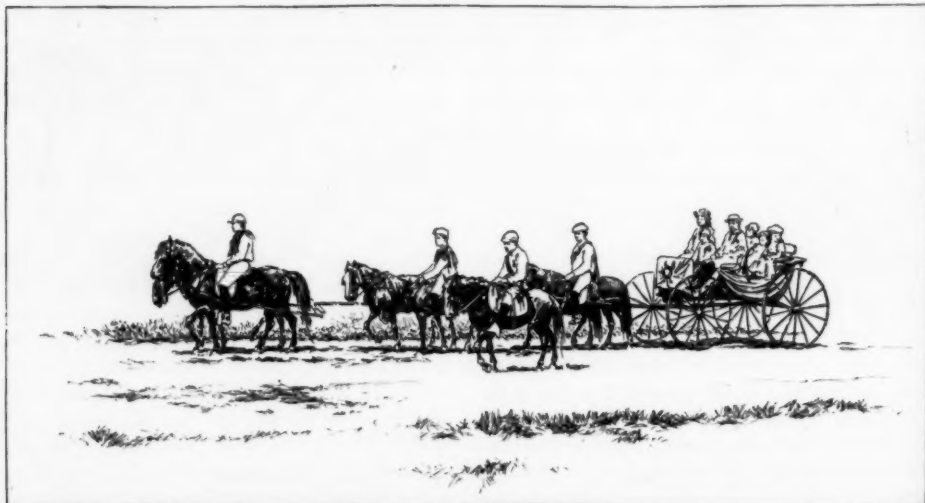
Bric-a-kex-kex, co-ax, co-ax,
Bric-a-kex-kex, co-ax, co-ax,
Hoi moi, Hoi moi,
Parabaloo, Maplewood!

All the coaches and mountain wagons, and many of the smaller vehicles, are decorated with bunting or flowers, often after very artistic designs; and all the houses, big and little, hotels and cottages, on both sides of the street, are gay with draperies and festoons, evergreens and flowers, of every color. Here is a pretty summer home whose wide verandas are festooned with apple-green and white bunting, while delicate linings of pink are blushing through them in a pleasant summery fashion. Another has all its decorations of apple-green and white. The hotel doors and windows are prettily draped and a fringe of large green and white snow-balls made of tissue paper is lightly swinging in the cool summer air. Festoons of swaying balls also envelope the handsome tally-ho belonging to this house. The rumble is apparently filled with snow-balls which are carelessly dropping over, and are kept in place by being strung, at irregular intervals, on strong thread. Silvered paper conceals the hubs, pole, and

whiffletrees. Eight fine gray horses step proudly in their trappings of white and plumes of white and green; and, prettiest of all, sixteen young girls in white dresses, apple-green sashes, with sailor-hats trimmed with green, and large bouquets of pink and white sweet-peas tied with green ribbon, are seated on top of the coach, while a group of laughing children is crowded inside.

Another house is out in blue and red, with streamers draped and festooned from a Maltese cross in the center; and the tally-ho matches it in coloring. These young ladies wear blue dresses, silver girdles, and large white hats trimmed with red poppies.

It would be quite useless to try to describe all the beautiful coaches and costumes in the long procession; for there are one hundred and fifty well-filled vehicles in all, and every possible combination of color. But I must tell you of one unique turnout that amused every one. A big hay-wagon with pole and stanchions covered with green and white cloth is partly filled with hay. Festoons of fruit, corn, and vegetables adorn its sides, and the stanch team of eight fine fat oxen wear long green and white streamers on their horns. In the cart are sixteen jolly (city) farmers in coarse attire, with



PONY CARRIAGE FROM THE MAPLEWOOD HOUSE.



THE COACH FROM THE HOWARD HOUSE. WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE FOR COACH DECORATION.

decorated hats, carrying rakes, hoes, and pitchforks, and bearing a banner inscribed with the name "Hayseed Tally-ho." The "farmers" had two "calls," as follows:

Huckleberry, huckleberry, huckleberry pie!

and

Buckwheat, buckwheat, buckwheat cakes!

and these they delivered with energy as the oxen slowly drew the cart down the street.

But most charming of the sights in all this fair procession is a large mountain tally-ho transformed, by the aid of a skillful decorator, into a state chariot of the olden time, such as a king or queen might have used when making a "royal progress." Picture to yourself a stately coach in full decoration of light blue and gold satin, the commonplace wheels being covered with blue satin, on which gilded spokes are painted in imitation of chariot-wheels. Within, the coach is fully hung with blue satin draperies, with fine Honiton lace curtains from the windows. Handsome paintings of the seasons are on the door and at the sides, while a lovely figure representing "August," painted on gold-colored satin and hung with a rich blue silk rope, is at the rear. In front of the driver's seat is a

large gold eagle with outspread wings, bearing a laurel wreath. The driver himself, who looks exceedingly proud of the handsome turnout, wears a coachman's coat of light cloth, white knee-breeches and hose, and large buckles on his shoes. The little bugler has a red coat, white stockings, and knee-breeches. The six horses have blue and gold blankets and plumes.

The crowning attraction is, of course, the twelve young girls seated on the carved and draped roof seats. Seven of them are from New England, the rest from New York. All are dressed in costumes of fine white muslin, with Directoire capes of fine light blue broadcloth trimmed with gold fringe, white silk mitts, gold-colored sashes, white poke hats, trimmed with blue and gold. They carry twelve ensigns or little banners of blue and gold handsomely painted.

As the long and gay procession of coaches moves down the street, crowds of spectators,—about ten thousand in all,—dressed in holiday attire, salute them from balconies and verandas. Generous applause greets the riders as one and another beautiful or unique vehicle goes by. The Indian basket-makers from their encampment are out, in full dress of war-paint and feathers, on

a picturesque conveyance. Here is a company of little children in white and pink, having a fine frolic as they scatter field-flowers among the crowd. There is a tiny carriage accompanied by four small boys, as postilions, in white suits with canary sashes, and they look very pretty on their little ponies.

By the time all the coaches have passed on their return to Maplewood, the spectators have quite generally decided as to the winners of the prizes.

The "state chariot" easily carries off the first banner for coach decorations and also the first for fine horses. A coach-load of beautiful dark-eyed girls in white costumes with gold-colored jackets and sashes, and white hats with golden trimming, is made happy by the presentation of the first prize for beauty. The other prizes are given with equal discrimination. The governor makes a wily speech as he awards the prizes from the hotel piazza, the bands play their most

joyful strains, and thousands of tired people scatter in every direction for dinner.

Most of us stay to the afternoon games of base-ball, for each large mountain house has its base-ball club as well as its tally-ho. But very few of those coming from a distance can enjoy the elaborate fireworks in the evening, which terminate the festivities of the day, and by five o'clock all the grand old mountain peaks around Bethlehem see hundreds of happy young people on their homeward way making the woods ring again with bugle-note and lively song, the waving of banners and exchange of friendly calls with neighboring coaches.

The prize banners are placed conspicuously in the rotundas of the respective hotels; the story of the day's triumphs and pleasures is recounted to friends at home; a dance in the parlor finishes the evening, and the happy coachers enjoy the long, dreamless sleep which ends one of the merriest of all merry White Mountain summer days.



AFTER THE DUEL.



THE LOST DREAM.

BY ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

Oh, why can't I think of it? Where did it go?
I thought I would tell you this morning, you
know.

Yes, I thought, half awake—all so plain it did
seem;

And now I have lost it—my dear little dream.

Do you think it will come again—maybe to-
night?

Oh, if I once catch it I'll hold it so tight.

'T was like music, I think—and it must have
had wings;

'T was like flowers and sunshine and all lovely
things.

If one could just peep into dreamland and see!
Do you think I would find it there, waiting for
me?

But trying to catch it, one never could tell—
It might fade quite away, under dark fairy
spell.

For a queer place is dreamland, you know,—
very queer;

And you can't be quite sure which is there and
which here;

And you always keep doing but never get
done;

And the ground floats from under your feet as
you run.

There the hills and the hollows seem melting in
haze;

'T is an Indian summer of unending days.

And the music will never play straight through
one tune;

And the trees are so tall they go brushing the
moon.

There the cats and the dogs are all able to
talk,

When you meet 'em together, out taking a walk.
There the roses are green—and the leaves may

be pink;

And things are so "mixish" it scares you to
think.

There speaking to some one you're sure that
you know,

Why, it's somebody else—and that bothers
you so!

You'll mean to say something—the sense will
all change

To something you did n't mean, foolish and
strange.

But I think I shall know it the minute I see,

And I'll tell you the moment I wake. Oh, dear
me!

I *hope* that I'll find it. Too bad it would seem
To lose it forever—that dear little dream!

The Audacious Kitten.

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

"HURRAY!" cried the kitten, "hurray!"
As he merrily set the sails;
"I sail o'er the ocean to-day
To look at the Prince of Wales!"

"O kitten! O kitten!" I cried,
"Why tempt the angry gales?"
"I'm going," the kitten replied,
"To look at the Prince of Wales!"

"O kitten! pause at the brink,
And think of the sad sea tales."
"Ah, yes," said the kitten, "but think,
Oh, think of the Prince of Wales!"

"But, kitten!" I cried, dismayed,
"If you live through the angry gales
You *know* you will be afraid
To look at the Prince of Wales!"

"I know what it is to get wet,
I've tumbled full oft in pails
And nearly been drowned — and yet
I *must* look at the Prince of Wales!"

"O kitten!" I cried, "the Deep
Is deeper than many pails!"
Said the kitten, "I shall not sleep
Till I've looked at the Prince of
Wales!"

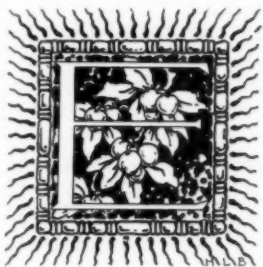
Said the kitten, "No
such thing!
Why should he make
me wince?
If '*a Cat* may look at a
King,'
A kitten may look at a
Prince!"



SIX YEARS IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

By E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

FIFTH PAPER.



EARLY in 1887, my quiet little Station at the Equator was thrown into a fever of excitement by a very interesting occurrence.

The shouts from mymen, "Sail, ho! Sail, ho!" made

known to me that a boat had been sighted.

I hastily ran to the beach and saw the little steamer "Peace" breasting the rapid river at the point just below, and out in the stream were "Le Stanley" and the "Henry Reed," each towing lighters alongside, and battling against the swift current. I could see that the decks of all the boats were crowded with blacks, and besides the natives there were several white men aboard.

It was evident to me that some important expedition was on its way up-river in this formidable flotilla.

As the first boat neared my beach, I glanced along her deck, and to my intense delight I saw standing in the bow of the Peace my old chief Mr. Stanley. Having received no warning of the arrival of this expedition, it was naturally a great surprise. I felt beside myself with excitement, and shouted, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" at the top of my voice as the boat touched the shore.

Mr. Stanley was dressed in his usual traveling costume of jacket, knickerbockers, and peak cap, and he looked remarkably well. He dined with me, and explained during the evening that the black crowds on board the boats were men of his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey at Wadelai.

The next day was occupied by the members of the expedition in procuring food for the

journey, and by the crews of the boats in cutting dry wood for the steamers.

I had then the pleasure of meeting Stanley's gallant officers, whose names are now so well known to the world.

The Equator Station had never seen so busy a day. Crowds of Zanzibaris, Soudanese, and other natives hurried about all day; and old Tippu Tib, the well-known Arab chief, who was being taken up to his headquarters at Stanley Falls, pitched his tent in my yard. He and his followers occupied it during their stay. Tippu was certainly a fine-looking old fellow and a very intelligent man. He looks like a pure negro and shows no sign of the Arab blood which is supposed to be in his veins. He wore a long white linen shirt, and around his waist a silk sash in which was stuck his dagger. On his feet were a pair of light sandals.

Being able to speak his language, I had quite a long talk with him, and I was surprised at his accurate knowledge concerning European matters.

Mr. Stanley was exceedingly jolly all day; nothing occurred to worry or trouble him during his brief stay at my Station.

I had the pleasure of entertaining at dinner the Chief and all his officers on the night before their departure up river.

Since that time the great explorer and his brave followers, after suffering terrible privations and hardships in their arduous journey through Africa, have rescued and brought back to civilization Emin Pasha. Early on the third morning, Stanley and the Emin Bey relief expedition moved up river, leaving the Equator Station again to its wonted quiet.

At the time I made my first visit up the Malinga the river had overflowed its banks, and we steamed, sometimes hours and hours without seeing a patch of dry land on either bank.

One evening, just at sun-down, turning a point in the river, we espied in the distance a few native huts built on a low-lying shore. As we neared the village we could see that it was entirely deserted, and moreover, there were ghastly evidences of the cause of the desertion. The huts were seven in number, old, dilapidated habitations, built on piles, with a floor just above the water's edge. Placed on sticks in front of them were several whitening skulls. What a tale of suffering these grim and hideous trophies told! Probably but a few months before, the poor natives had been surprised at night by the murderous slave-raiders.

I hoped to find dry land here; but all the region was under water. It was now too dark to go farther, so I anchored for the night, allowing my men to swim to the native huts, shelter themselves under the roofs, and light their fires on the raised platforms. The dwellers in these pile houses, in order that their fires shall not burn their wooden stick flooring, have always a large cake of clay on which to build fires.

There was one of these huts which, by its size, suggested that it was the general Council House of the little settlement. My men crowded into this, and after talking, smoking, and singing far into the night, they rolled themselves in their mats and went to sleep. They had made a large, bright fire, but had not taken the necessary precaution of building it upon clay. The deep silence was rudely broken by mingled screams and groans. I jumped up at the first cry, thinking that perhaps we were attacked. The fire had eaten into the flooring and let my men through into the water. Such an unceremonious waking few had ever experienced. To be suddenly hurled, without the slightest warning, from their cozy sleep to the deep, dark river below, was certainly sufficient excuse for the screams, groans, and yells which rose up from that mass of black figures, floating mats, and sparks.

Among the white officers whom I knew on the Congo, one of the bravest was a young Englishman named Deane. He had spent five years on the Congo, formerly as an officer of the Congo Free State; he had also commanded one of the government Stations on the

Kasai. There the natives, taking advantage of his small force, attacked him when he was out in the river and clinging to his canoe, which had been upset by a tornado. His guns had sunk to the bottom, and he had only his knife; but with this he fought so desperately that he succeeded in cutting his way through his enemies, receiving, however, a wound on his leg from the thrust of a barbed fishing-spear.

A few months later he was on his way to Stanley Falls to replace the officer in command of that Station, who had finished his term of service. At nightfall a terrific storm compelled him to seek shelter ashore, as his little boat, the "Royal," loaded with her steel lighter and thirty black Houssa soldiers, could not have lived through the waves. They anchored in the channel, just below the Monongeri villages, a few days from Stanley Falls. As the steamer was very small, Deane slept on shore in a small tent. His men, rolling themselves in their blankets and mats, tried to sleep. Cold and cheerless was it that night, as camp-fires were impossible in such a storm. Suddenly the war of the tempest was drowned in groans of agony and yells of rage. The Monongeri savages, under the cover of the night and storm, had been gathering around the band. So stealthily and silently did they come that the actual attack was the first signal of their presence.

Only a few minutes before, Deane, who was a thorough soldier, had been his rounds to see that the sentries were at their posts; hardly had he returned to his camp-bed when the villainous onslaught began. He himself was severely wounded in the shoulder; and the keen blade of a Monongeri spear pierced his thigh. His cartridges were damp, but he fought manfully, using the butt of his revolver, and a shield which he had wrested from the enemy, holding at bay the fierce warriors, who savagely hurled their spears, but at last were driven to the dark shadows of the forest, by volley after volley fired by the Houssa sentries. In short gasps and feeble tones, Deane rallied his men, and then he fell exhausted to the earth, unconscious. Several of his people had been killed, and many more lay dying from their wounds. Harris, Deane's companion, carried the dead and dying on board the little steamer, and getting up steam

pushed off and anchored in mid-stream. What a night of misery! The groans of the wounded were mocked by the unearthly mirth and drumming which the wind bore to them from the savages gathered thickly on the banks. Early in the morning the boat steamed away, with Deane wounded and half his men massacred. With so small a force, punishment of the Monongeri for this treacherous onslaught was out of the question; so they pushed on up-stream; the natives, emboldened by their victory, came out in large war-canoes, harassing the fugitives until the deadly rifle warned them that there was still danger from that little boat. At last he arrived at Stanley Falls, but so weak was he that all feared he would die. It was decided that he should return to Leopoldville. But a few months elapsed, and again Deane was on his way up river to punish the Monongeri villages and take command of Stanley Falls. With his renewed forces he was able to avenge the death of his men and his own sufferings.

After he had been at Stanley Falls a few months, hostilities broke out between the Station and the Arabs. Deane fought desperately, killing a great number of the Arab slave-raiders and Manyema banditti, until, the ammunition being exhausted, his men, with the exception of three, deserted him. Deane fired the Station and escaped into the forests, where he lived on berries and roots for a month, hunted about by the Arabs who were in search of him.

A few months later he was again on the Congo, this time to try his fortune in hunting big game. He joined Captain Bailey, and they decided to hunt together the elephants, which abound all through this part of Africa.

They spent a little time at Lukungu, on the lower reaches of the Congo, after which they had some good sport hunting the antelopes and buffaloes on Long Island, in Stanley Pool. But they were impatient to try their guns on the elephants, so they hurried on up-stream. Captain Bailey had a severe attack of fever, and had to return to Europe invalided. So Deane was left to camp alone. Eventually, prompted by reports of the great quantities of game at Lukolela, he shifted his camp to that place, and had been there but a few days when, returning to the Station after a short absence up the

Ikelemba river, I heard the sad news that he had been killed by an elephant.

The scene of the tragedy was about one hundred miles down the river, and I decided to leave the next morning and learn full particulars from the people on the spot. My boat was a very slow craft, and it took me two days to get down to Lukolela. Arriving on the second day, I learned the sad details from those at the Station; and the news was graphically confirmed by my old hunter, Bongo Nsanda, who had been three years with me in the hunting-field, and was with poor Deane at the time of his death. I tell the story nearly as I learned it from Bongo Nsanda. He said it was a very wet morning, a day not at all suitable for hunting, being very misty; but Deane was determined to go out. Bongo Nsanda advised him to postpone the hunt, but this he would not consent to do. So getting his few men in a canoe they paddled down the river, and entered a small grass-blocked creek.

Upon arriving there, in a little stretch of open water they heard the breaking down of branches by an elephant—to the hunter's ear an unmistakable sound. Deane gave his orders, and the nose of the canoe was noiselessly brought up to the bank, where there was a little dry land. When the hunter had arrived at this stage of his story, I took two of my men and determined to go over the ground and hear the remainder of the sad story on the spot. Bongo Nsanda, as soon as he landed, seemed to become melancholy in the death-like silence of this wood. The only sounds to be heard were the combined murmuring hums of numberless insects, and the occasional mournful call of the hornbill. When we had walked twenty or thirty yards, Bongo Nsanda arrested my footsteps, and said, "Here, you see, these footmarks were made by the white man. Now, if you will go with me over there, I will show you where the elephant was standing."

I accompanied him. He pointed out to me a long strip of the bark of a tree. Said he, "The elephant was tearing off that bark."

"The white man," added Bongo Nsanda, "took a steady aim; but he must have just missed the right place, as the elephant curled up his trunk, gave one shrill trumpet, and made off into the

bush." Deane and the hunter followed him as quickly as they could, but the wounded animal ran a great distance, and Deane became tired. "He sat down on a log," said Bongo Nsanda, "and told me in a whisper to keep my ears open as the elephant might be within hearing, and at the same time added that I must make no noise. After a few minutes, a sound told him that the elephant was not far away. He held his head low, and his hand to his ear, and listened for about half a minute, when the sound was repeated." Again Bongo Nsanda moved on another thirty or forty yards, and then, suddenly stopping, he said in a whisper, as if the same great danger was still hanging over us, "This is where he stood. He was a brave man; he was not afraid of an elephant or a buffalo, for the elephant was standing in that open space under the trees, and was just filling it up with his head, this way; but Deane boldly crept up within ten yards of him and fired. This time the elephant came down on his knees; but before the smoke had blown away, the elephant rose to his feet, and plunged off in another direction." I again followed Bongo Nsanda's footsteps. The same feeling of awe that was shown by this black hunter took possession of myself also, as we approached nearer the fatal spot. Bongo Nsanda must have been deeply impressed indeed; for, at every step he took, he looked all around with a hesitating glance, as if expecting that an angry elephant might appear any moment.

At last we came to a little patch of clear ground, perhaps ten or eleven yards square. "Over there," said Bongo Nsanda, "the elephant was standing, swaying his trunk backwards and forwards, and switching his tail in an angry manner." Deane at first got behind a tree near where we stood, opened the breech of his rifle to make sure that he had put in two cartridges, and then boldly left his cover and approached to within seven yards of his game. He raised his rifle and fired his two barrels in quick succession, causing the elephant to stagger. The lever of his gun was stiff, and he seemed to be struggling with it trying to open it; but, as it would not work, he threw down his own rifle, and snatched from the hands of his hunter a loaded Snider rifle, aimed, and fired.

This was the last shot ever fired by poor Deane, for the elephant made a short, wild rush at him, and killed him on the spot just as he reached his cover.

Upon examining the surrounding forest, I was forcibly impressed by the depredations which this wounded and infuriated elephant had committed in his anger. He had evidently imagined every thing about him to be an enemy. From some trees the bark had been ripped. He had torn down every branch within his reach, and trampled them beneath his feet; young trees had yielded before his mighty strength—had been uprooted and flung from his path.

I followed the elephant's track for a long distance. At first he had made his way through a forest, and then plunged into a swamp. Here he seems to have rested for a time in the water, and to have regained his strength to some extent; for after this his tracks became firmer and firmer, until, when the tracks had passed right through this swamp and into another forest beyond, there was nothing in them to show that they were those of a wounded elephant. Finding it was hopeless to track him any farther, I returned to the Mission Station at Lukolela. Probably the elephant eventually died of his wounds, but it is surprising how far they will travel after being badly wounded.

Deane, throughout his whole career on the Congo, had shown himself to be a man of undoubted pluck. I admired him, and we were the best of friends. Some time before, on my road up from Kinshasa, I had put in at his camp, when we had spent a very merry day together. But now everything had been taken away from the spot, and there was a sad and somber blank in the place of the vivid scene I had left only a few days earlier.

There seems to be almost a fatality attached to the hunting of wild animals in the district of Lukolela. Poor Keys and Deane met their death in encounters with wild animals at this place. And just before I left the Congo, in '89, another friend, named Thompson, had a narrow escape from becoming a victim to the ferocity of a buffalo.

We were camped below Lukolela, near a large buffalo plain, where just a narrow fringe

of bush ran along the water's edge. At night my watchman came and told me that he heard a buffalo a few yards distant in the plain. I answered, "My experiences with the buffalo do not encourage me to hunt him at night; he is bad enough to deal with in the daytime." But Thompson said, "I'll go, old man! I want to shoot a buffalo!" I remonstrated with him, and tried to convince him of the risk which he was running; but he answered, "It is all right,"—and off he started. It was foolish on my part to have allowed it. He took his gun, loaded it, and started, followed by the fag-end of my crew. There were with him two watchmen, the fireman, two table-boys, a steward, the cook, the boy who looked after the fowls, and one or two other small boys who were employed about the boat. At that time I had command of the larger steamer, the *Florida*.

Thompson was absent a few minutes when the precipitous retreat of his rear-guard plainly told me that something was wrong. I then heard a shot, and presently Thompson came walking down to the boat bleeding from a wound on his head. He coolly told me that he had tracked the buffalo, and had even heard him eating grass, but could not see him. Presently the buffalo caught sight of the hunter, and made a quick rush at him. Thompson, with great presence of mind, threw himself on the ground, and the buffalo passed over his head. In doing so, the animal's hoof had tapped him on the head, taking out a piece as big as a five-shilling piece; and, besides, with one of his hind legs he had bruised Thompson's back. It was indeed a narrow escape.

When another opportunity occurs to shoot buffaloes at nine o'clock at night, I am sure Thompson will not unnecessarily volunteer for the honor of being the hunter.

During the latter part of my life on the Congo River, I was living in a small stern-wheel boat, thirty-four feet long by seven feet wide. As two-thirds of the boat were taken up by the machinery and boiler, the small space amidships did not give sufficient room for myself and crew, and I had to tow a large dugout alongside. In this canoe I carried some of my men, with their mats and cooking-pots, two or three goats, some fowls, and last, but not

least important, my cooking-apparatus—a small earthenware native bowl in which my cook kept his fire and over which every dish was cooked. My cook was a native boy, named Mochindu, to whom I had imparted, to the best of my ability, the few culinary recipes which I had gathered during my travels. But his position as cook on board my boat was not an enviable one, as he was exposed to all weathers and sometimes had to turn out a dish under the most trying circumstances. The slightest ripple of the water or any movement of the men in the canoe would upset any gastronomic calculation that he might have made. Often he had to fry a fowl or make some kind of stew under a heavy downpour of rain; and the poor little chap had a very dejected appearance as he struggled to hold up an old umbrella to keep the rain from the fire, and at the same time made frantic efforts to save the whole cooking-apparatus from toppling over as the canoe lurched from side to side. When his cooking was all finished and the dishes were passed along to the boat, he always seemed to give a sigh of relief as he stepped out of the canoe and crept into the boat near the boiler to get thoroughly warmed so as to be ready for the next culinary struggle.

I remember that one day he was frying some fowl which he had chopped up into cutlets. We were on the beach of a large village, and were surrounded by natives. A group of these natives, attracted evidently by the savory odor of the cooking, pointed up to something in the boat and asked my little cook what it was. When he turned his head in the direction indicated, one of the fellows made a grab at the pan and, snatching two of the cutlets, bolted off. When Mochindu came to look into the pan, for the purpose of turning over his meat, he connected the hasty retreat of the native with the ominous gap in his frying-pan, picked up his knife, and made a rush for the fellow. Then I saw a great struggle going on. Blows were being exchanged, and there was a tussle on the ground; and presently Mochindu returned, holding in his hand the missing cutlets; his face, begrimed with dirt, seemed struggling between sorrow at the mishap and joy at having recovered the booty.

The last steamer voyage I made before leaving for Europe was up the Ruki, a tributary just above the Equator Station. It had always been my wish to visit the people living in these regions, but I would not attempt such an expedition in my small boat, as the ferocity and hostility of these Ba-Ruki were too well known for me to attempt the journey without a faster and more imposing craft. Now that I had command of the bigger boat again, I decided to ascend the Ruki, and hoped to see the natives about whose warlike abilities and cannibalistic qualities I had heard so many tales.

I left the Equator Station early one morning with a cargo of merchandise and trinkets, with which I hoped to overcome, if possible, the prejudices of the terrible Ba-Ruki. I was warned by the natives around our settlement what I was to expect from my present venture; but I was accompanied by an English engineer, named Davy, upon whom I could rely in helping us to give a good account of ourselves if any serious trouble rose. And besides, the same crew, in charge of my trusty Bienego, that accompanied me through my little Oubangi difficulties were now aboard, and had proved by their former conduct their pluck and devotion.

After five hours' steaming up the river, at the invitation of the natives ashore I put in to their beach, and exchanged beads and cowries for fresh eggs and fowls. These people I found very friendly; they had been down in their canoes as far as my Station, so knew that they had nothing to fear. In this village, Nkolé, we saw but few knives and spears, but all were armed with bows and arrows. They were very friendly toward us, but exceedingly scared at all our strange actions. We had a harmony steam-whistle on board which alarmed them a great deal. Just before leaving their beach, on my continuing the voyage, I called my men together by blowing the whistle. The poor natives of Nkolé, superstitious as all savages are, thought it was some angry spirit who was kept by me to terrify people, and who gave vent to his feelings in this way. The natives on the beach, at this unusual sound, beat a hasty retreat, and those in their canoes lost all presence of mind. Some jumped into the river; others jumped into their canoes; and we

steamed away leaving in our wake a mass of upturned canoes and struggling figures, while on shore the beach was deserted, and from behind every tree black faces grinned in safety at their less fortunate friends in the water.

After an hour's steaming above this settlement we were beyond the district of the friendly people. To all my offers to buy their goats, fowls, or ivory, in exchange for beads, cowries, knives, and cloth, the natives in the villages we passed responded by such a plentiful supply of sticks, stones, and village refuse that I decided that I should have to seek a more rational people to receive my beads and cowries. So I steamed up past this line of villages, which were built on a high bank and seemed to be very thickly populated.

Before long I was compelled to meet more serious attacks. At one large village, crowds of people lined the beach and invited us to approach; but, when we turned the boat in their direction, they fired a flight of arrows at us, then ran and hid among the thick bushes which grew at the water's edge. From here, in comparative security, they kept up their fire. Their beach was too rocky to admit of my taking the boat right in-shore; so, firing a few volleys into their hiding places, we manned our large dugout and paddled toward the beach. We landed and routed them out of their village. Then, throwing out skirmishing sharpshooters at the limits of the settlement, I completed the punishment by ordering the huts to be destroyed by fire.

On my way back I made friends with these people; it is a good trait in the character of these natives that they know when they meet their master, and they bear no malice.

For the first few hours' steaming above the spot where this engagement took place we met with no opposition. The inhabitants had sensibly taken warning from the result of their neighbors' arrogant behavior. But, in the afternoon, when we arrived at villages where news of the fight had not preceded our arrival, we had to contend with the same difficulties again. I could easily have avoided the arrows by keeping out in the middle of the stream and steaming away; but my object was to make friends, and to learn something of the people and the commercial possibilities of their country.

In the middle of '89, I came down to Leopoldville in my steamer and there left the river and returned down to the coast by the caravan-

hunter had also turned about and bolted for a tree which was at hand. He reached it only just in time. The buffalo, making a furious charge,



"WE LANDED AND ROUTED THEM OUT OF THEIR VILLAGE." (SEE PAGE 848.)

route. While waiting for the native porters who were to carry my baggage to the coast, I occupied my leisure time in making short hunting excursions in the neighborhood of Stanley Pool.

An old friend of mine on the Congo, Captain Bailey, who has killed elephants and hunted the lion near the head waters of the Zambesi, had a thrilling experience and a very narrow escape from a buffalo on Long Island, in Stanley Pool; and had it not been for the plucky conduct of his little terrier he would undoubtedly have lost his life. He had tracked a buffalo out of the swamps, had dropped his game and thought it was dead, as it lay quite motionless. But upon his coming closer, it sprang upon its feet and charged him. He had only time to fire, but without taking good aim; so he hit a little too low on the forehead and the animal was not stopped. Captain Bailey barely escaped the buffalo by swinging himself to one side—the animal, in charging past, actually grazing his side. Finding it had missed its mark, the brute wheeled sharply about again; but the

came full tilt against the tree, and knocked off a big piece of bark. Although the captain had succeeded in getting behind the tree, he had no time to spare.

Even then the brute would not give up the chase, but made a rush around the tree. At this moment, the brave little fox-terrier, "Nep," sprang at the huge beast's neck; and, although thrown off, still continued to harass the angry bull, thereby distracting its attention from master to dog, and giving the hunter time to put another cartridge into his rifle, and with another shot to drop his game.

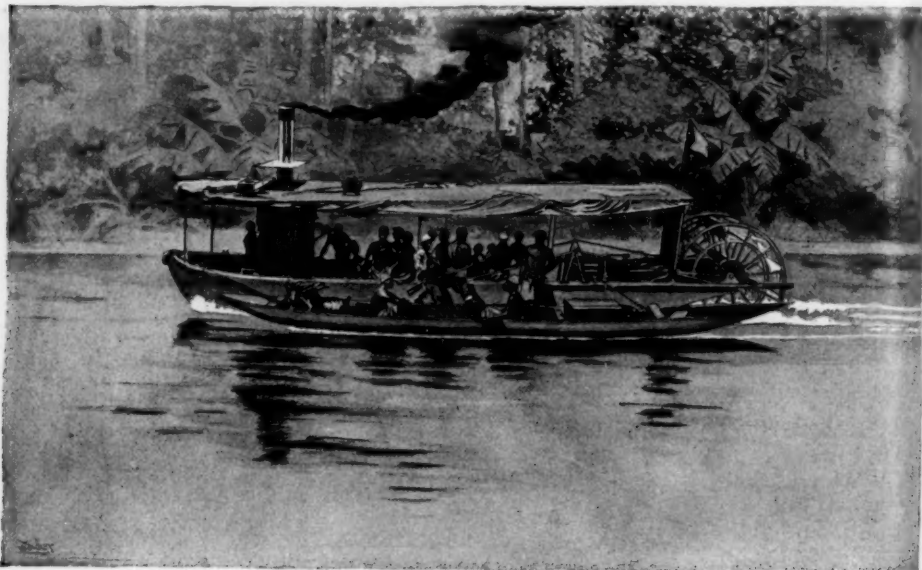
All hunters of big game expect to meet occasionally with animals who will show their disap-



HEAD OF AFRICAN BUFFALO.

proval of being shot at by a rush. But Captain Bailey's experience with the buffalo on Long Island is the narrowest escape of which I know.

Another very annoying member of the ant race is the dark-brown driver. These ants crawl along the ground in a dark mass, twelve



MR. GLAVE'S STEAMER ON THE CONGO.

At the season of the year in which I was traveling the grass was in seed; and as I passed through the country on my way down to the coast I became painfully aware of the prickly nature of this grass. It penetrated my shirt, and made me feel as if the shirt was made of some material much like the exterior of the barrel of a musical box. The prickly pieces covering the outside made the wearer of the shirt resemble one of the porcupine species.

The Ant family are well represented in Central Africa, and there are three with which the traveler is oftenest brought in contact: the white-ant, the driver-ant, and the red-ant. The last is found on shrubs in the forests, and if you brush against a branch on which these insects live, you will become painfully aware of the reason why the Zanzibari call this pest *mati-moto* (hot water), for its bite resembles a burn from scalding water. The dwarfs who during his last expedition gave Mr. Stanley so much trouble around Lake Albert, poisoned their arrows with crushed red-ants.

inches wide and several yards long, composed of many hundred thousands of individuals. They move slowly along like a great army, occasionally stopping to devour whatever animal-food they may meet in their path.

I have often been visited by these unwelcome guests at night. On such occasions the contents of my larder would form a meal for them; and if my mosquito-net was not properly tucked in so as to exclude such intruders, I would be overrun with them, and would have to beat a precipitate retreat until they had ransacked my establishment to their satisfaction. This has happened several times to me. The bite of the driver-ant is very painful, for the insect is provided with large pincers with which he digs deep into the flesh of an enemy.

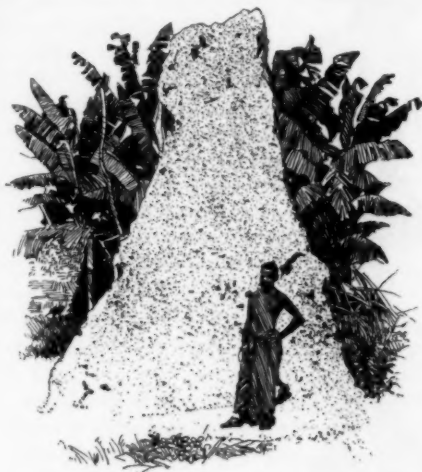
The white-ant makes itself an equally unwelcome visitor by eating away all woodwork, leather, or cloth which it can find. A wooden case, if exposed to the attacks of this insect for two or three days, will have the bottom of it eaten away; and a pair of boots, if left at the

mercy of this pest, will be made utterly worthless in a few days.

Large clay mounds, sometimes reaching to thirty feet in height, mark the house and store-houses of the white-ant.

These mounds are of cellular formation, and contain their store of grubs. So large and solid are these ant-hills that at one of our Stations we leveled the top of an ant-hill and built a sentry post upon it.

Nature has bestowed upon the African a rich gift in the palm-tree. Its branches form a canopy to shelter the village huts from the noon-day sun; with its leaves the houses are thatched; and the Congo kitchen would be devoid of its chief means of flavor and delicacy if deprived of the *mbila*, or palm-fruit. And it plays an even more important part. Its juice, as *malafu*, cheers the hunter on his return from the chase, is partaken of at every tribal ceremony, and provides a sparkling nectar for the otherwise insipid African banquet. It is obtained by



ANT HILL, MADE BY WHITE-ANTS.

tapping the tree at its very top. Holes are bored to the heart of the palm-tree, and gourds are attached. Into these the juice flows, and the gourds are collected by the natives, who climb up the trunk of the tree by means of a band of leather or cane which encircles climber and tree. By this ingenious device the native is kept from falling, and can ascend the trees with great



COLLECTING PALM-TREE JUICE.

rapidity. Using the rough projections of the bark as steps they lean back and mount higher and higher, at the same time lifting with a jerky motion the band that holds them to the tree.

This *malafu*, or palm-wine, resembles in color milky water, is of a sweet acidulated flavor, and when not too old is exceedingly refreshing and palatable; but in a few days it becomes sour, and is then very intoxicating.

My carriers were at last ready, and I was now fairly started on my way to the coast. I have tried all available methods of locomotion on land in Africa, and I have come to the conclusion that walking is the most satisfactory. The hammock is sometimes used; this article of portage is a piece of canvas looped up on a long pole, wherein the traveler lies and is carried

by the blacks, one being at each end of the pole; but the small bridle-path of the caravan-route is at places so stony and ragged that falls often occur by the carriers stumbling, and bruises are the result. A few donkeys are sometimes seen on the Congo, but unless you get a really good animal you have no end of trouble. The ordinary beast becomes affected by the climate, and requires a great amount of encouragement and assistance. As a rule, you must have one man to pull him, another to push him, and when he is very tired you may require the assistance of two others to prevent his falling. Taking all drawbacks into consideration, I prefer to walk.

It was in this way that my six years of wandering were brought to a close. I had left home a raw lad, and I returned feeling quite an

old and hardened traveler. Something more than the interval of time separated me from those early days. My thoughts and habits had been molded by the experiences through which I had passed. My interests and sympathies were centered in the land I had left and I felt almost a stranger among my own people.

I missed for some time the wild tropical scenery, the shouting negroes, and the hundred sounds and sights of savage life.

If Africa had seemed strange to me six years before, my own country was now as unfamiliar. I have left many a dear friend and comrade on the banks of the great river in lonely Stations in the far interior; and in my heart there is still a warm corner for the poor savage, who has often been my sole companion in the Wilds of Central Africa.

THE END.



MR. E. J. GLAVE. (DRAWN FROM LIFE BY FREDERIC VILLIERS.)

CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Jack Ogden left the Staten Island ferry-boat, he felt somewhat as if he had made an unexpected voyage to China, and perhaps might never return to his own country. It was late in the afternoon, and he had been told by the little man that the ferry-boat would wait an hour and a half before the return voyage.

"I won't lose sight of her," said Jack, thoughtfully. "No running round for me this time!"

He did not move about at all. He sat upon an old box, in front of a closed grocery store, near the ferry-house, deciding to watch and wait until the boat started.

"Dullest time I ever had!" he thought; "and it will cost me six cents to get back. You have to pay something everywhere you go. I wish that boat was ready to go now."

It was not ready, and it seemed as if it never would be; meanwhile the Crofield boy sat there on the box and studied the ferry-boat business. He had learned something of it from his guide-book, but he understood it all before the gates opened.

He had not learned much concerning any part of Staten Island, beyond what he already knew from the map; but shortly after he had paid his fare, he began to learn something about the bay and the lower end of New York.

"I'm glad to be on board again," he said, as he walked through the long cabin to the open deck forward. In a few minutes more he drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"She's starting! I know I'm on the right boat, too. But I'm hungry and I wish I had something to eat."

There was nothing to be had on board the boat, but, although hungry, Jack could see enough to keep him from thinking about it.

"It's all city; and all wharves and houses

and steeples,—every way you look," he said. "I'm glad to have seen it from the outside, after all."

Jack stared, but did not say a word to anybody until the ferry-boat ran into its dock.

"If I only had a piece of pie and a cup of coffee!" Jack was thinking, as he walked along by the wharves, ashore. Then he caught sight of the smallest restaurant he had ever seen. It was a hand-cart with an awning over it, standing on a corner. A placard hanging from the awning read: "Clams, one cent apiece; coffee, five cents a cup."

"That's plain enough!" exclaimed Jack. "She can't put on a cent more for anything."

A stout, black-eyed woman stood behind a kind of table, at the end of the cart; and on the table there were bottles of vinegar and pepper-sauce, some crackers, and a big tin coffee-heater.

"Clams?" she repeated. "Half-dozen, on the shell? Coffee? All right."

"That's all I want, thank you," said Jack, and she at once filled a cup from the coffee-urn and began to open shellfish for him.

"These are the smallest clams I ever saw," thought Jack; "but they're good."

They seemed better and better as he went on eating; and the woman willingly supplied them. He drank his coffee and ate crackers freely, and he was just thinking that it was time for him to stop when the black-eyed woman remarked, with an air of pride,

"Nice and fresh, ain't they? You seem to like them,—thirteen's a dozen; seventeen cents."

"Have I swallowed a dozen already?" said Jack, looking at the pile of shells. "Yes, ma'am, they're tiptop!"

After paying for his supper, there were only some coppers left, besides four one-dollar bills, in his pocket-book.

"Which way's the Battery, ma'am?" Jack

asked, as she began to open clams for another customer.

"Back there a way. Keep straight on till you see it," she answered; adding kindly, "It's like a little park; I did n't know you were from the country."

"Pretty good supper, after all," he said.

landed. There were little groups of these foreigners scattered over the great open space before him.

"They 've come from all over the world," he said, looking at group after group. "Some of those men will have a harder time than I have had trying to get started in New York."



JACK MAKES A SUPPER OF COFFEE AND CLAMS.

"Cheap, too; but my money's leaking away! Well, it is n't dark yet. I must see all I can before I go to the hotel."

He followed the woman's directions, and he was glad he had done so. He had studied his guide-book faithfully as to all that end of New York, and in spite of his recent blunder did not now need to ask anybody which was the starting place of the elevated railways and which was Castle Garden, where the immigrants were

It occurred to him, nevertheless, that he was a long way from Crofield, and that he was not yet at all at home in the city.

"I know some things that they don't know, anyway—if I *am* green!" he was thinking. "I'll cut across and take a nearer look at Castle Garden—"

"Stop there! Stop, you fellow in the light hat! Hold on!" Jack heard some one cry out, as he started to cross the turfed inclosures.

"What do you want of me?" Jack asked, as he turned around.

"Don't you see the sign there, 'Keep off the grass'? Look! You 're on the grass now! Come off! Anyway, I 'll fine you fifty cents!"

Jack looked as the man pointed, and saw a little board on a short post; and there was the sign, in plain letters; and here before him was a tall, thin, sharp-eyed, lantern-jawed young man, looking him fiercely in the face and holding out his hand.

"Fifty cents! Quick, now,—or go with me to the police station."

Jack was a little bewildered for a moment. He felt like a cat in a very strange garret. His first thought of the police made him remember part of what Mr. Guilderaufenberg had told him about keeping away from them; but he remembered only the wrong part, and his hand went unwillingly into his pocket.

"Right off, now! No skulking!" exclaimed the sharp-eyed man.

"I have n't fifty cents in change," said Jack, dolefully, taking a dollar bill from his pocket-book.

"Hand me that, then. I 'll go and get it changed"; and the man reached out a claw-like hand and took the bill from Jack's fingers, without waiting for his consent. "I 'll be right back. You stand right there where you are till I come—"

"Hold on!" shouted Jack. "I did n't say you could. Give me back that bill!"

"You wait. I 'll bring your change as soon as I can get it," called the sharp-eyed man, as he darted away; but Jack's hesitation was over in about ten seconds.

"I 'll follow him, anyhow!" he exclaimed; and he did so at a run.

"Halt!"—it was a man in a neat gray uniform and gilt buttons who spoke this time; and Jack halted just as the fleeing man vanished into a crowd on one of the broad walks.

"He 's got my dollar!"

"Tell me what it is, quick!" said the policeman, with a sudden expression of interest.

Jack almost spluttered as he related how the fellow had collected the fine; but the man in gray only shook his head.

"I thought I saw him putting up something,"

he said. "It 's well he did n't get your pocket-book, too! He won't show himself here again to-night. He 's safe by this time."

"Do you know him?" asked Jack, greatly excited; but more than a little in dread of the helmet-hat, buttons, and club.

"Know him? 'Jimmy the Sneak?' Of course I do. He 's only about two weeks out of Sing Sing. It won't be long before he 's back there again. When did you come to town? What 's your name? Where 'd you come from? Where are you staying? Do you know anybody in town?"

He had a pencil and a little blank-book, and he rapidly wrote out Jack's answers.

"You 'll get your eyes open pretty fast, at this rate," he said. "That 's all I want of you, now. If I lay a hand on Jimmy, I 'll know where to find you. You 'd better go home. If any other thief asks you for fifty cents, you call for the nearest policeman. That 's what we 're here for."

"A whole dollar gone, and nothing to show for it!" groaned Jack, as he walked away. "Only three dollars and a few cents left! I 'll walk all the way up to the Hotel Dantzic, instead of paying five cents for a car ride. I 'll have to save money now."

He felt more kindly toward all the policemen he met, and he was glad there were so many of them.

"The police at Central Park," he remarked to himself, "and that fellow at the Battery, were all in gray, and the street police wear blue; but they 're a good-looking set of men. I hope they will nab Jimmy the Sneak and get back my dollar for me."

The farther he went, however, the clearer became his conviction that dollars paid to thieves seldom come back; and that an evening walk of more than three miles over the stone sidewalks of New York is a long stroll for a very tired and somewhat homesick country boy. He cared less and less, all the way, how strangely and how splendidly the gaslights and the electric lights lit up the tall buildings.

"One light 's white," he said, "and the other 's yellowish, and that 's about all there is of it. Well, I 'm not quite so green, for I know more than I did this morning!"

It was late for him when he reached the hotel, but it seemed to be early enough for everybody else. Many people were coming and going, and among them all he did not see a face that he knew or cared for. The tired-out,

The next thing he knew, there was a ray of warm sunshine striking his face from the open window, for he had slept soundly, and it was nearly seven o'clock on Monday morning.

Jack looked around his room, and then sprang out of bed.

"Hurrah for New York!" he said, cheerfully.

"I know what to do now. I'm glad I'm here! I'll write a letter home, first thing, and then I'll pitch in and go to work!"

He felt better. All the hopes he had cherished so long began to stir within him. He brushed his clothes thoroughly, and put on his best necktie; and then he walked out of that room with hardly a doubt that all the business in the great city was ready and waiting for him to come and take part in it. He went down the elevator, after a glance at the stairway and a shake of the head.

"Stairs are too slow," he thought. "I'll try them some time when I am not so busy."

As he stepped out upon the lower floor he met

Mr. Keifelheimer, the proprietor.

"You come in to preakfast mit me," he said. "I promise Mr. Guilderaufenberg and de ladies, too, I keep an eye on you. Some letters in de box for you. You get dem ven you come out. Come mit me."

Jack was very glad to hear of his friends, what had become of them, and what they had said about him, and of course he was quite ready for breakfast. Mr. Keifelheimer talked, while they were eating, in the most friendly and protecting way. Jack felt that he could speak freely; and so he told the whole story of his adventures on Sunday,—Staten Island, Jimmy the Sneak, and all. Mr. Keifelheimer listened with deep interest, making appreciative remarks



JACK IS HOMESICK.

homesick feeling grew upon him, and he walked very dolefully to the elevator. Up it went in a minute, and when he reached his room he threw his hat upon the table, and sat down to think over the long and eventful day.

"This is the toughest day's work I ever did! I'd like to see the folks in Crofield and tell 'em about it, though," he said.

He went to bed, intending to consider his plans for Monday, but he made one mistake. He happened to close his eyes.

every now and then; but he seemed to be most deeply touched by the account of the eighty-cent dinner.

"Dot vas too much!" he said, at last. "It vas a schvindle! Dose Broadway restaurants rob a man every time. Now, I only charge you feefty-five cents for all dis beautiful breakfast; and you haf had de finest beefsteak and two cups of splendid coffee. So, you make money ven you eat mit me!"

Jack could but admit that the Hotel Dantzie price was lower than the other; but he paid it with an uneasy feeling that while he must have misunderstood Mr. Keifelheimer's invitation it was impossible to say so.

"Get dose letter," said the kindly and thoughtful proprietor. "Den you write in de office. It is better dan go away up to your room."

Jack thanked him and went for his mail, full of wonder as to how any letters could have come to him.

"A whole handful!" he said, in yet greater wonder, when the clerk handed them out. "Who could have known I was here? Nine,—ten,—eleven,—twelve. A dozen!"

One after another Jack found the envelopes full of nicely printed cards and circulars, telling him how and where to find different kinds of goods.

"That makes eight," he said; "and every one a sell. But,—jingo!"

It was a blue envelope, and when he opened it his fingers came upon a dollar bill.

"Mr. Guilderaufenberg's a trump!" he exclaimed; and he added, gratefully, "I 'd only about two dollars and a half left. He 's only written three lines."

They were kindly words, however, ending with:

I have not tell the ladies; but you should be pay for the stateroom.

I hope you have a good time.

F. VON GUILDERAUFENBERG.

The next envelope was white and square; and when it came open Jack found another dollar bill.

"She 's a real good woman!" he said, when he read his name and these words:

I say nothing to anybody; but you should have pay for your stateroom. You was so kind. In haste,

GERTRUDE VON GUILDERAUFENBERG.

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"I 'll go and see them some day," said Jack.

He had opened the eleventh envelope, which was square and pink, and out came another dollar bill. Jack read his own name again, followed by:

We go this minute. I have not told them. You should have pay for your stateroom. Thanks. You was so kind.

MARIE HILDEBRAND.

"Now, if she is n't one of the most thoughtful women in the world!" said Jack; "and what 's this?"

Square, gray, with an ornamental seal, was the twelfth envelope, and out of it came a fourth dollar bill, and this note:

For the stateroom. I have told not the others. With thanks of

DOLISKA POD—SKI.

It was a fine, small, pointed, and wandering handwriting, and Jack in vain strove to make out the letters in the middle of the Polish lady's name.

"I don't care!" he said. "She 's kind, too. So are all the rest of them; and Mr. Guilderaufenberg's one of the best fellows I ever met. Now I 've got over six dollars, and I can make some more right away."

He pocketed his money, and felt more confident than ever; and he walked out of the Hotel Dantzie just as his father, at home in Crofield, was reading to Mrs. Ogden and Aunt Melinda and the children the letter he had written in Albany, on Saturday.

They all had their comments to make, but at the end of it the tall blacksmith said to his wife:

"There 's one thing certain, Mary. I won't let go of any of that land till after they 've run the railway through it."

"Land?" said Aunt Melinda. "Why, it 's nothing but gravel. They can't do anything with it."

"It joins mine," said Mr. Ogden; "and I own more than an acre behind the shop. We 'll see whether the railroad will make any difference. Well, the boy 's reached the city long before this!"

There was silence for a moment after that, and then Mr. Ogden went over to the shop. He was not very cheerful, for he began to feel that Jack was really gone from home.

In Mertonville, Mary Ogden was helping

Mrs. Murdoch in her housework, and seemed to be disposed to look out of the window, rather than to talk.

"Now, Mary," said the editor's wife, "you need n't look so peaked, and feel so blue about the way you got along with that class of girls—"

"Girls?" said Mary. "Why, Mrs. Murdoch! Only half of them were younger than I; they said there would be only sixteen, and there were twenty-one. Some of the scholars were twice as old as I am, and one had gray hair and wore spectacles!"

"I don't care," said Mrs. Murdoch, "the Elder said you did well. Now, dear, dress yourself, and be ready for Mrs. Edwards; she's coming after you, and I do hope you'll enjoy your visit. Come in and see me as often as you can and tell me the news."

Mary finished the dishes and went upstairs, saying, "And they want me to take that class again next Sunday!"

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER leaving the Hotel Dantzic, with his unexpected supply of money, Jack walked smilingly down toward the business part of the city. For a while he only studied signs and looked into great show-windows; and he became more and more confident as he thought how many different ways there were for a really smart boy to make a fortune in New York. He decided to try one way at just about nine o'clock.

"The city's a busy place!" thought Jack, as he walked along. "Some difference between the way they rush along on Monday and the way they loitered all day Sunday!"

He even walked faster because the stream of men carried him along. It made him think of the Cocahutchie.

"I'll try one of these big clothing places," he said, about nine o'clock. "I'll see what wages they're giving. I know something about tailoring."

He paused in front of a wide and showy-looking store on Broadway. He drew a long breath, and went in. The moment he entered he was confronted by a very fat, smiling gentleman, who bowed and asked:

"What can we do for you, sir?"

"I'd like to know if you want a boy," said Jack, "and what wages you're giving. I know—"

"After a place? Oh, yes. That's the man you ought to see," said the jocose floor-walker, pointing to a spruce salesman behind a counter, and winking at him from behind Jack.

The business of the day had hardly begun, and the idle salesman saw the wink. Jack walked up to him and repeated his inquiry.

"Want a place, eh? Where are you from? Been long in the business?"

Jack told him about Crofield, and about the "merchant tailors" there, and gave a number of particulars before the very dignified and sober-faced salesman's love of fun was satisfied; and then the salesman said:

"I can't say. You'd better talk with that man yonder."

There was another wink, and Jack went to "that man," to answer another string of questions, some of which related to his family, and the Sunday-school he attended; and then he was sent on to another man, and another, and to as many more, until at last he heard a gruff voice behind him asking, "What does that fellow want? Send him to me!"

Jack turned toward the voice, and saw a glass "coop," as he called it, all glass panes up to above his head, excepting one wide, semicircular opening in the middle. The clerk to whom Jack was talking at that moment suddenly became very sober.

"Head of the house!" he exclaimed to himself. "Whew! I did n't know he'd come." Then he said to Jack: "The head partner is at the cashier's desk. Speak to him."

Jack stepped forward, his cheeks burning with the sudden perception that he had been ridiculed. He saw a sharp-eyed lady counting money, just inside the little window, but she moved away, and Jack was confronted by a very stern, white-whiskered gentleman.

"What do you want?" the man asked.

"I'd like to know if you'll hire another boy, and what you're paying?" said Jack, bravely.

"No; I don't want any boy," replied the man in the coop, savagely. "You get right out."

"Tell you what you *do* want," said Jack, for

his temper was rising fast, "—you 'd better get a politer set of clerks!"

"I will, if there 's any more of this nonsense," said the head of the house, sharply. "Now, that 's enough. No more impertinence."

Jack was all but choking with mortification, and he wheeled and marched out of the store.

"I was n't afraid of him," he thought, "and I ought to have spoken to him first thing. I might have known better than to have asked those fellows. I sha'n't be green enough to do that again. I 'll ask the head man next time."

That was what he tried to do in six clothing-stores, one after another; but in each case he made a failure. In two of them, they said the managing partner was out; and then, when he tried to find out whether they wanted a boy, the man he asked became angry and showed him the door. In three more, he was at first treated politely, and then informed that they already had hundreds of applications. To enter the sixth store was an effort, but he went in.

"One of the firm? Yes, sir," said the floor-walker. "There he is."

Only a few feet from him stood a man so like the one whose face had glowered at him through that cashier's window in the first store that Jack hesitated a moment, but the clerk spoke out:

"Wishes to speak to you, Mr. Hubbard."

"This way, my boy. What is it?"

Jack was surprised by the full, mellow, benevolent voice that came from under the white moustaches.

"Do you want to hire a boy, sir?" he inquired.

"I do not, my son. Where are you from?" asked Mr. Hubbard, with a kindlier expression than before.

Jack told him, and answered two or three other questions.

"From up in the country, eh?" he said. "Have you money enough to get home again?"

"I could get home," stammered Jack, "but there is n't any chance for a boy up in Crofield."

"Ten chances there for every one there is in the city, my boy," said Mr. Hubbard. "One hundred boys here for every place that 's vacant. You go home. Dig potatoes. Make hay. Drive cows. Feed pigs. Do *anything*

honest, but get out of New York. It 's one great pauper-house, now, with men and boys who can't find anything to do."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack, with a tightening around his heart. "But I 'll find something. You see if I don't —"

"Take my advice, and go home!" replied Mr. Hubbard, kindly. "Good-morning."

"Good-morning," said Jack, and while going out of that store he had the vividest recollections of all the country around Crofield.

"I 'll keep on trying, anyway," he said. "There 's a place for me somewhere. I 'll try some other trade. I 'll do *anything*!"

So he did, until one man said to him:

"Everybody is at luncheon just now. Begin again by and by; but I 'm afraid you 'll find there are no stores needing boys."

"I need some dinner, myself," thought Jack. "I feel faint. Mister," he added, aloud, "I must buy some luncheon, too. Where 's a good place?"

He was directed to a restaurant, and he seated himself at a table and ordered roast beef in a sort of desperation.

"I don't care what it costs!" he said. "I 've got some money yet."

Beef, potatoes, bread and butter, all of the best, came, and were eaten with excellent appetite.

Jack was half afraid of the consequences when the waiter put a bright red check down beside his plate.

"Thirty cents?" exclaimed he joyfully, picking it up. "Why, that 's the cheapest dinner I 've had in New York!"

"All right, sir. Come again, sir," said the waiter, smiling; and then Jack sat still for a moment.

"Six dollars, and more too," he said to himself; "and my room's paid for besides. I can go right on looking up a place, for days and days, if I 'm careful about my money. I must n't be discouraged."

He certainly felt more courageous, now that he had eaten dinner, and he at once resumed his hunt for a place; but there was very little left of his smile. He went into store after store with almost the same result in each, until one good-humored gentleman remarked to him:

"My boy, why don't you go to a Mercantile Agency?"

"What 's that?" asked Jack, and the man explained what it was.

"I'll go to one right away," Jack said hopefully.

"That 's the address of a safe place," said the gentleman, writing a few words. "Look out for sharpers, though. Plenty of such people in that business. I wish you good luck."

Before long Jack Ogden stood before the desk of the "Mercantile Agency" to which he had been directed, answering questions and registering his name. He had paid a fee of one dollar, and had made the office-clerk laugh by his confidence.

"You seem to think you can take hold of nearly anything," he said. "Well, your chance is as good as anybody's. Some men prefer boys from the country, even if they can't give references."

"When do you think you can get me a place?" asked Jack.

"Can't tell. We've only between four hundred and five hundred on the books now; and sometimes we get two or three dozen fixed in a day."

"Five hundred!" exclaimed Jack, with a clouding face. "Why, it may be a month before my turn comes!"

"A month?" said the clerk. "Well, I hope not much longer, but it may be. I would n't like to promise you anything so soon as that."

Jack went out of that place with yet another idea concerning "business in the city," but he again began to make inquiries for himself. It was the weariest kind of work, and at last he was heartily sick of it.

"I've done enough for one day," he said to himself. "I've been into I don't know how many stores. I know more about it than I did this morning."

There was no doubt of that. Jack had been getting wiser all the while; and he did not even look so rural as when he set out. He was really beginning to get into city ways, and he was thinking hard and fast.

The first thing he did, after reaching the Hotel Dantzig, was to go up to his room. He felt as if he would like to talk with his sister Mary, and so he sat down and wrote her a long letter.

He told her about his trip, all through, and about his German friends, and his Sunday; but it was anything but easy to write about Monday's experiences. He did it after a fashion, but he wrote much more cheerfully than he felt.

Then he went down to the supper-room for some tea. It seemed to him that he had ordered almost nothing, but it cost him twenty-five cents.

It would have done him good if he could have known how Mary's thoughts were at that same hour turning to him.

At home, Jack's father and Mr. Magruder were talking about Jack's land, arranging about the right of way and what it was worth, while he sat in his little room in the Hotel Dantzig, thinking over his long, weary day of snubs, blunders, insults, and disappointments.

"Hunting for a place in the city is just the meanest kind of work," he said at last. "Well, I'll go to bed, and try it again to-morrow."

That was what he did; but Tuesday's work was "meaner" than Monday's. There did not seem to be even so much as a variation. It was all one dull, monotonous, miserable hunt for something he could not find. It was just so on Wednesday, and all the while, as he said, "Money will just melt away; and somehow you can't help it."

When he counted up, on Wednesday evening, however, he still had four dollars and one cent; and he had found a place where they sold bread and milk, or bread and coffee, for ten cents.

"I can get along on that," he said; "and it 's only thirty cents a day, if I eat three times. I wish I 'd known about it when I first came here. I 'm learning something new all the time."

Thursday morning came, and with it a long, gossipy letter from Mary, and an envelope from Crofield, containing a letter from his mother and a message from his father written by her, saying how he had talked a little—only a little—with Mr. Magruder. There was a postscript from Aunt Melinda, and a separate sheet written by his younger sisters, with scrawly postscripts from the little boys to tell Jack how the workmen had dug down and found the old church bell, and that there was a crack in it, and the clapper was broken off.

Jack felt queer over those letters.

"I won't answer them right away," he said. "Not till I get into some business. I'll go further down town to-day, and try there."

At ten o'clock that morning, a solemn party of seven men met in the back room of the Mertonville Bank.

"Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, please come to order. I suppose we all agree? We need a teacher of experience. The academy's not doing well. The lady principal can't do everything. She must have a good assistant."

"Who's your candidate, Squire Crowninshield?" asked Judge Edwards. "I'm trustee as judge of the County Court. I've had thirty-one applications for my vote."

"I've had more than that," said the Squire, good-humoredly. "I won't name my choice till after the first ballot. I want to know who are the other candidates first."

"So do I," said Judge Edwards. "I won't name mine at once, either. Who is yours, Elder Holloway?"

"We'd better have a nominating ballot," remarked the Elder, handing a folded slip of paper to Mr. Murdoch, the editor of the *Eagle*. "Who is yours, Mr. Jeroliman?"

"I have n't any candidate," replied the bank-president, with a worried look. "I won't name any, but I'll put a ballot in."

"Try that, then," said General Smith, who was standing, instead of sitting down at the long table. "Just a suggestion."

Every trustee had something to say as to how he had been besieged by applicants, until the seventh, who remarked:

"I've just returned from Europe, gentlemen. I'll vote for the candidate having the most votes on this ballot. I don't care who wins."

"I agree to that," quickly responded General Smith, handing him a folded paper. "Put it in, Dr. Dillingham. It's better that none of us should do any log-rolling or try to influence others. I'll adopt your idea."

"I won't, then," said Squire Crowninshield, pleasantly but very positively. "Murdoch, what's the name of that young woman who edited the *Eagle* for a week?"

"Miss Mary Ogden," said the editor, with a slight smile.

"A clever girl," said the Squire, as he wrote on a paper, folded it, and threw it into a hat in the middle of the table. He had not heard Judge Edwards's whispered exclamation:

"That reminds me! I promised my wife that I'd mention Mary for the place; but then there was n't the ghost of a chance!"

In went all the papers, and the hat was turned over.

"Now, gentlemen," said General Smith, "before the ballots are opened and counted, I wish to ask: Is this vote to be considered regular and formal? Shall we stand by the result?"

"Certainly, certainly," said the trustees in chorus.

"Count the ballots!" said the Elder.

The hat was lifted, and the count began.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven — for Mary Ogden," said Elder Holloway calmly.

"I declare!" said General Smith. "Unanimous? Why, gentlemen, we were agreed! There really was no difference of opinion whatever."

"I'm glad she is such a favorite," said Judge Edwards; "but we can't raise the salary on that account. It'll have to remain at forty dollars a month."

"I'm glad she's got it!" said Mr. Murdoch. "And a unanimous vote is a high testimonial!" And so Mary was elected.

Each of them had other business to attend to, and it was not until Judge Edwards went home, at noon, that the news was known to Mary, for the Judge carried the pleasant tidings to Mary Ogden at the dinner-table.

"Oh, Judge Edwards!" exclaimed Mary, turning pale. "I? At my age — to be assistant principal of the academy?"

"There's only the Primary Department to teach," said the Judge, encouragingly. "Not half so hard as that big, overgrown Sunday-school class. Only it never had a good teacher yet, and you'll have hard work to get it into order."

"What will they say in Crofield!" said Mary uneasily. "They'll say I'm not fit for it."

"I'm sure Miss Glidden will not," said Mrs.

Edwards, proudly. "I 'm glad it was unanimous. It shows what they all thought of you."

Perhaps it did; but perhaps it was as well for Mary Ogden's temper that she could not hear all that was said when the other trustees went home to announce their action.

It was a great hour for Mary, but her brother Jack was at that same time beginning to think that New York City was united against him,—a million and a half to one.

He had been fairly turned out of the last store he had entered.

(To be continued.)

THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

FOURTH PAPER.

When Coal Was Made.

AGES and ages ago, so many that geologists have given up reckoning them, this surprising old planet of ours went into the coal-making business. Such a diligent worker was she that the stores she then laid up have supplied the world ever since, and bid fair to do so for 350,000 years to come. How long she remained in the business no one knows. Students sometimes amuse themselves by trying to work out that problem. A famous German chemist has estimated that it takes 170 years to make a layer of coal one inch thick. Now, there are some layers 60 feet thick. To make one of those layers would require 122,400 years; and the time it would take to make 68 layers like those found in the Joggins mines of Nova Scotia, is beyond our comprehension. However, these figures are based on the present condition of affairs, and things were certainly very different in the days when coal was made. The materials out of which the vast coal-beds were formed were trees and plants; and wondrously beautiful and regular trees and plants. They grew in great marshes, which covered enormous tracts of land.

How these immense swamps were formed is easily seen. At the close of the first age, there was only one piece of the continent, now

known as North America, elevated above the sea. This was a narrow strip of solid granite, shaped like a bent arm, and stretched from what is now Nova Scotia to the region occupied to-day by the Great Lakes, and thence up toward the northwest. The Silurian Age had enlarged this strip by adding a beach. The Devonian Age also contributed a large amount of new land; but the greater portion of the continent still lay under the sea, in whose depths the coral animals had constructed great limestone fields.

As the preceding age drew to a close, there must have been great commotion in the interior of our world, for nature was preparing to make the coal beds. Agassiz tells us that low hills were first thrown up over all the places where the important coal-fields now lie. Between these low hills extended wide valleys filled with salt-water. Under the plentiful rains, as the years went by, these valleys became fresh-water lakes. Animals and plants lived and died on the banks or in the waters of these lakes; and these animal remains, with the material worn from the shore, in the course of centuries filled up the lakes and changed them into great marshes, wherein flourished the curious plants and magnificent tree-ferns which filled the forests of the ancient world. These trees and plants budded, bloomed, dropped their leaves and fruit, and in time died, as trees and plants do to-day.

Others filled their places, and died in their turn. Then, when some great upheaval took place, the marshes were dropped into the earth and buried beneath the surging waters. On account of the heat, the pressure of the water, and a curious chemical change, which you will understand when you grow older, the trees and shrubs down in these buried swamps were changed into coal.

Nor was the water idle during this change. It was very busily employed, bringing in loads of sand and pebbles, and laying them carefully over the coal-beds. The coral-animals also were diligently at work, making limestone coverlets for these beds.

Often another change of the earth's crust brought the new sea-bottoms to the surface, when they once more became swamps in the moist air, to undergo again the changes just described. This course of events happened in some places several times. Down in Kentucky we find that the land was thus raised and lowered fifteen times, and in the Joggins mines of Nova Scotia, sixty-eight times! Such is the history of a coal-bed.

The fact that all the coal in the earth has been made from the trees, plants, and shrubs that lived at this period, and the abundance of remains that has been found in the rock between the layers, prove that vegetable life was more luxuriant than anything we can now see.

The plants were giants in size, compared with the same species in our day. In order to produce this abundance and gigantic size, there must have been a warm, moist climate, such as Dr. Livingstone found prevailing near the center of Africa, where some plants like those of the Coal Age now grow.

There is a little island out in the Pacific, where it rains during some three hundred days in the year, and where continual fogs shut out the sunlight. In its climate and vegetation it approaches more nearly than any region we now know to what the earth was during the Age of Coal. In that island ferns grow into trees, and there is the same thick undergrowth that must have then existed.

A curious thing about the fossils of this age is the fact that the same kinds are found all over the earth, from the equator to the poles. This

shows that every part of the globe was equally warm and moist. The earth then did not depend, as it does now, entirely upon the sun for warmth. Its crust was still thin in comparison with its thickness to-day; and the boiling mass in the interior made the surface so warm that the less heat received from the sun would not make an important difference.

The days of the Coal Age, we are told by Hugh Miller, were like the moist, mild, cloudy days of early spring, with perhaps a little more cloud and moisture, and a great deal more heat. In spite of the moisture, however, a brighter light shone on the beautiful ferns and lofty forests than had shone on the scanty vegetation of the ages before; for the air was beginning to be clearer.

If we could look into one of the grand old forests of that age, what a sight we should see! You know the small "horse-tails" that grow in the marshes, with the jointed stems surrounded by a little sheath? Imagine them grown into great trees, forty feet high and nine feet around! These were jointed just like the small ones, were hollow inside, and outside were deeply fluted like the beautifully carved pillars that support the old Grecian temples. Then the ferns—little ones and big ones! There were more ferns than anything else. Some of them shot up into trees forty and fifty feet high. Their trunks rose like stone shafts, and then came the crown of wavy, plummy leafage, with the new leaves curled up in the center, looking for all the world like a piece of gigantic Moorish carving. Do you know the "club-mosses"? We often tread under foot this humble little creeper; but to be "club-moss" in the Age of Coal was to occupy anything but a humble station. They rose into gigantic trees, fifty and sixty feet high, which bore on their trunks scales, carved in different designs according to the species. Mighty cone-bearing trees raised their heads a hundred feet above the ground. Nature seemed to be showing what she could do on a large scale.

There was another remarkable tree, fluted in the same manner as the "horse-tail," but each fluting had a line of beautiful carving running down its center. The roots of this tree ran out in ribbon-like bands of exceedingly graceful shape, marked with little dots arranged in

groups. Each dot had a little ring beneath it, and in one rare species each was surrounded by a sculptured star.

The forest into which we now suppose ourselves to be looking has none of the knotty trunks so familiar to us. These trunks are graceful beyond compare. They run up perfectly straight, and are ornamented with beautiful designs: zigzags, spirals, circles, and diamonds. Here are patterns enough to supply all the designers in the world. They are old leaf-scars, and what is most remarkable about them is their regularity. The most exact measuring could not have made them more perfect. And then the profusion of low, swampy plants, and of plants that live on others, running from tree to tree, sometimes in thick tufts, sometimes airy as the most delicate lace!

No herds roamed through the dense groves,—there was nothing for them to live on. You know cattle never crop the "horse-tails"; no matter how pretty and green a fern may be, no animal feeds on it; and the "club-mosses," although once used in medicine, have been found to be positively harmful.

The insects made their appearance during this age; but they had no flowers among which to fly or from which to gather honey. The first insects were not very particular; they were the scorpions, cockroaches, and beetles. They could live on any rubbish.

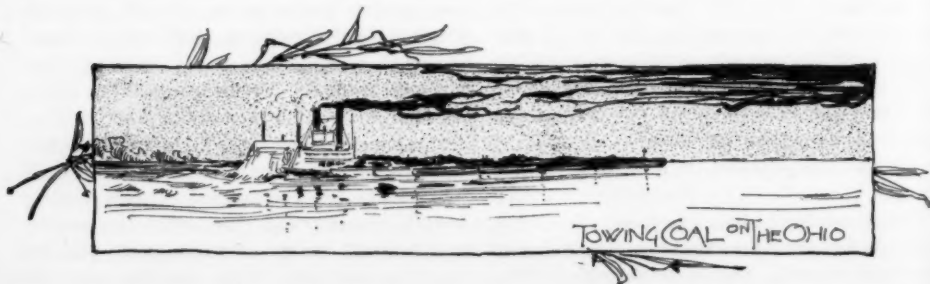
Of all the animals of this period, the corals came first; they had so much to do with laying the limestone beds for the coal and the limestone covers to put over it. Their pretty, lily-like relatives, the crinoids, during this age had their heads surmounted by many slender ribbons, and were much more gorgeous than before. Of the trilo-

bites only a few existed, and they were the last of their race. There was a great abundance of hard-shelled animals. One of them, resembling the chambered-nautilus in shape, had its shell marked by colored bands. It must have given a bit of variety to the prevailing green, as it rowed its dainty boat through the shallow waters. There also have been found remains of reptiles, which first appeared in this age, giving the world a hint of what was to be in the next.

The fishes were of the same reptilian character as those in the Devonian age; that is, they could move their heads freely in all directions without moving their bodies. There is only one kind of fish now alive that looks at all like the fishes of the Coal Age. It is the garpike, found in the waters of the West. It has an armor of bony scales, covered with enamel so hard that shot has little effect on it. Imagine a fish of this kind, thirty or forty feet long, with teeth three times larger than those of the largest alligator, and covered from head to tail with a coat of enameled bone, and you will have an idea of the reptile-fishes of the Coal Age.

During this age, although the land had increased so that all the eastern part of our continent was raised above the level of the ocean, the western part was still occupied by an inland sea, and a great gulf ran up to where is now situated the mouth of the Ohio.

The end of the age was marked by great disturbances, which in some cases lifted the beds of coal and rock and bent them out of their original positions. It seemed a preparation for man's appearance that these beds of coal should be formed far below and then be brought nearer the surface, so that man should find and use them.





BY JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

THE wind from the south blew soft and free,
As I sat me down 'neath the linden tree ;
And the rustling leaves which the branches bore
Repeated this story o'er and o'er,
That the mossy linden told to me.

Ages ago, in his castle tall,
Made strong and safe by moat and wall,
Lived the bandit knight named Eppelin,
In the gray old town of Sailengen,
Known far and wide and feared by all.

Scarce threescore knights his castle manned,
And yet so brave was the bandit band
That he lightly laughed with child and wife,
And he feared not death and he lived his life,
And no foeman's foot dared cross his land.

He watched from his towers with falcon eye
For train or caravan passing nigh ;
And, like the falcon upon its prey,
He struck — and bore their wealth away,
And his red wine quaffed, as the "dogs" went by.

But the falcon fierce at last was caged ;
In a king's dark dungeons he pined and raged.
And he who had scorned all earthly power
Stood face to face with his own death-hour.—
Yet a hidden hope his grief assuaged.

They led him forth ere the morning sun
On Nürnberg's wall had the day begun.
He bared his brow as the sun uprose,
And shook the straws from his prison clothes,
As he dreamed in his heart of a deed to be done.

For unto one condemned, though knave
Or peer, the law a last wish gave.
'T was a custom old—too old to tell—
But Eppelin prized the custom well,
For by it he hoped his life to save.

He begged his white steed again to ride
Ere he should die, round the walls inside
The prison yard : " I would try as of yore
The long, free stride of my horse once more,
While his willing speed I curb and guide ! "

The warder brought him his brave white steed,
Which never had failed at Eppelin's need,
And he neighed with joy at his master's call,
And proudly the echoing hoof-beats fall,
As Eppelin urged him to utmost speed.

Then Eppelin bent to the saddle-bow;
He patted the neck as white as snow,
Caressing his forehead and eyes and breast,
And called him the name he loved the best,
And stroked his long mane's silken flow.

Then the noble steed uptossed his head,
And faster and faster around he sped;
Till warder and soldiers, to give him space,
Crept close to the wall from his circling pace,
For his hoofs shot fire as on he fled.

And warder and soldiers looked on and smiled
Without misgiving—though never so wild
And gallant a steed and daring a man
Had their eyes beheld since their days began—
For the castle walls were strongly piled.

But the steed uprose and the knight struck spur,
He thought of his child and he thought of her
The love of his life.— Then a gleam of light,
And high on the battlements fair and bright
Stood the fiery beast, nor seemed to stir.

Thus half the deed was bravely wrought,
And quicker than glint of sight or thought
Down from the wall themselves they cast,
And safely both steed and rider passed
O'er the turbid moat, with danger fraught!

And this is the story the linden told
Of the robber Eppelin, brave and bold,
How he rode away to his castle wild,
And held to his heart his wife and child,
Whom he loved better than life or gold.

WOLVES OF THE SEA.

BY JOHN R. CORVELL.

THE "wolves of the sea" are not sharks, as might perhaps be fancied. The shark is indeed ravenous and voracious; but in ferocity and destructiveness it is far inferior to the orca, another inhabitant of the world of waters, and yet not a fish.

The orca, or grampus, as it is sometimes called, is a member of the Whale family—a sort of third cousin to the whale and a first cousin to the porpoise. It is usually from eighteen to thirty feet in length, and has a large mouth, well supplied with strong, conical, curved teeth. In color it is black above and white below, with a white patch over each little eye. It is easily distinguished from its relatives by the dorsal fin, which is sometimes six feet long, and rises abruptly from the back.

To call this creature the "wolf of the sea"

does not tell half the story of its savage nature. The wolf seems a puny foe compared to the orca. For, there are animals on land which the wolf dares not attack, even when hard driven by hunger; but there is nothing inhabiting the water which the orca will not assail. Moreover, the wolf is almost cowardly except when made dangerous by famine; but the orca is always dangerous, or cannot satisfy its hunger. That its appetite is insatiable seems likely, for an orca was once found choked to death by a seal which it had tried to swallow whole. An examination showed that the gluttonous monster had already swallowed a number of porpoises, besides several seals.

As if not satisfied with the harm it can do alone, the orca secures the aid of two or three of its fellows, and then the little pack of monsters

starts on an expedition. Everything is game to them. If a school of dolphins come in sight, away go the fierce sea-wolves in hot chase. The frightened dolphins dash madly through the waves, urged to their swiftest speed by terror; but grimly the ravenous pursuers close upon the flying quarry.

Perhaps a great Greenland whale may cross the path of the marauders. Huge as it is—the largest of created beings—it has no terrors for the bloodthirsty pack. They dart about the giant with lightning velocity; now in front, now underneath, now on the sides; until the bewildered monster, with a lash of his ponderous tail, turns his mighty head downward and seeks the ocean's bed. Vain effort! His tormentors follow him apparently with ferocious glee. Up, up again, rage and agony lending added strength, till the surface is reached and all that bulk of flesh shoots out of water and then falls with a ponderous crash, dashing the boiling waves asunder. Still the agile foes are there. They leap

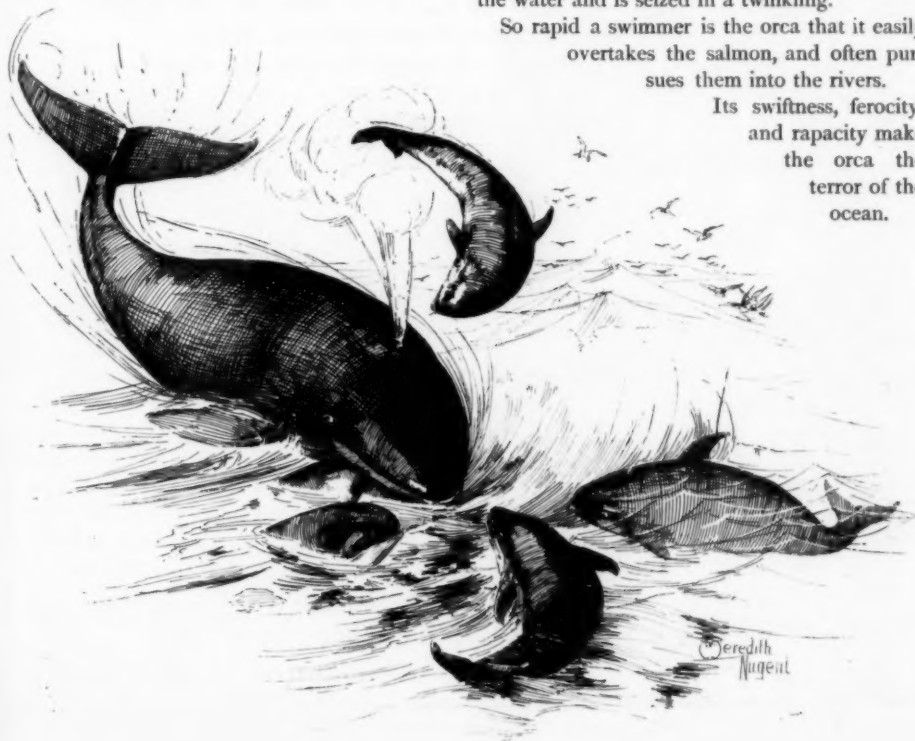
over his head, high in the air, and dive under him. They rush at him, here, there, and everywhere. He opens his huge mouth to engulf them. They only mock at the danger, and soon, wounded in a hundred places, weakened and powerless, the whale succumbs.

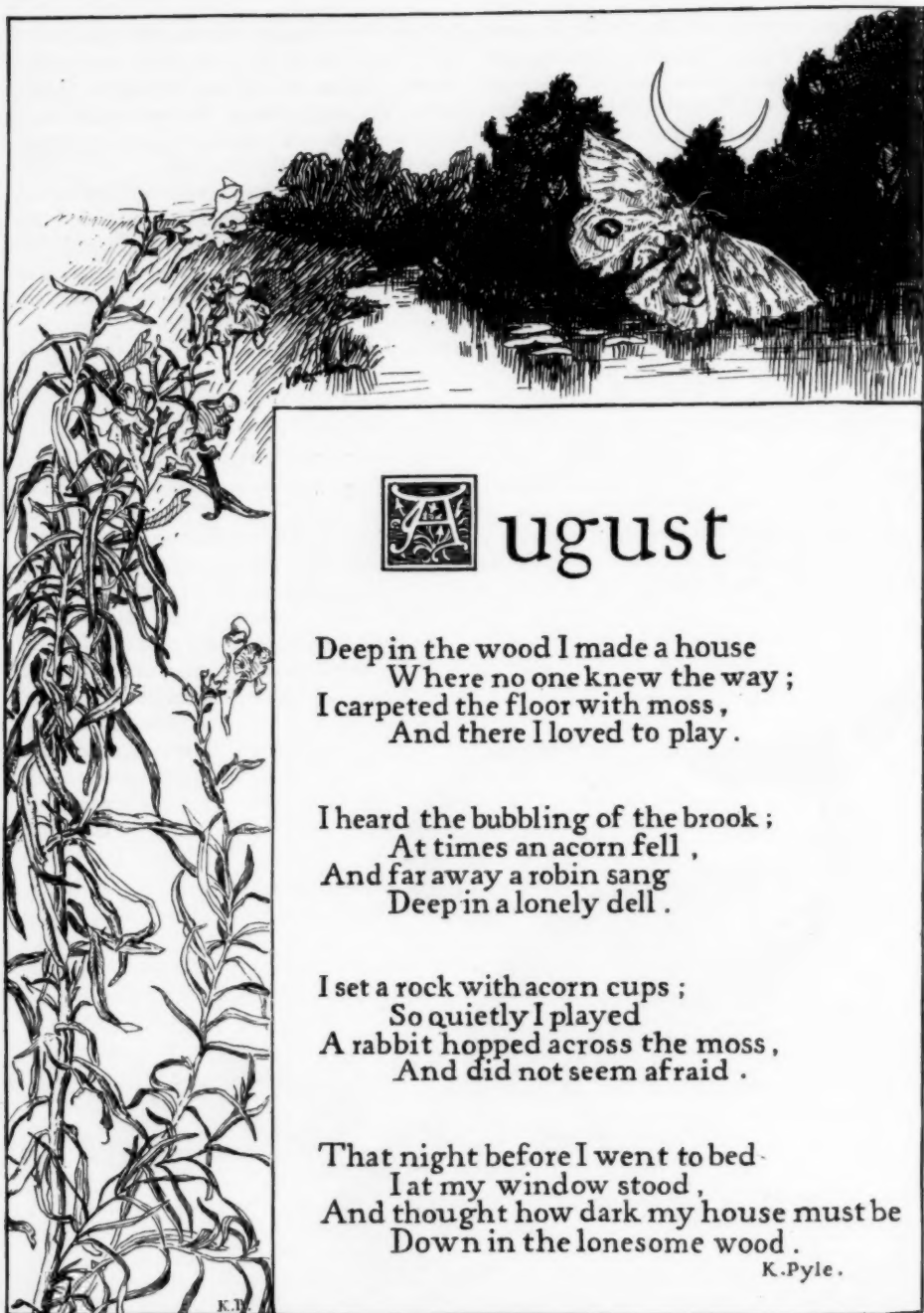
Even the fierce walrus, armed with enormous tusks which it well knows how to use, is no match for the orca. It is only the young walrus, however, for which the orca cares, and it will not hesitate to pursue one into the very midst of a herd of walruses, trusting to superior swiftness to enable it to carry off the prey in safety.

The young walrus is well aware of its danger, and the moment an orca comes in sight the poor thing climbs frantically upon its mother's back, and clings there in an agony of fear. The wily orca is not to be foiled so easily, however. It dives down, and then comes up with a sudden surge, striking the mother walrus such a blow that the little one is knocked from her back into the water and is seized in a twinkling.

So rapid a swimmer is the orca that it easily overtakes the salmon, and often pursues them into the rivers.

Its swiftness, ferocity, and rapacity make the orca the terror of the ocean.





ugust

Deep in the wood I made a house
Where no one knew the way ;
I carpeted the floor with moss ,
And there I loved to play .

I heard the bubbling of the brook ;
At times an acorn fell ,
And far away a robin sang
Deep in a lonely dell .

I set a rock with acorn cups ;
So quietly I played
A rabbit hopped across the moss ,
And did not seem afraid .

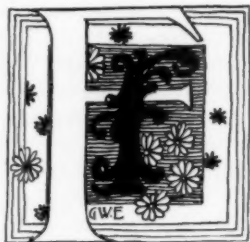
That night before I went to bed -
I at my window stood ,
And thought how dark my house must be
Down in the lonesome wood .

K.Pyle.



FROM THE FROZEN NORTH.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUENA.



FOR a year or more there has been a "stranger within our gates," whose story of life in her native land is so fascinating and wonderful that had she dropped from some cold, starry

planet in the Northern skies her presence would be hardly more marvelous.

Olof Krarer, a young Eskimo woman, now visiting this country, is probably the only educated Eskimo lady in the world.

There have been one or two women who have accompanied Arctic voyagers upon their return to this country, but they were the wives of hunters, women who knew little more than the strange dogs which were their companions. All except Olof Krarer have been natives of West Greenland, a region of which we have read and learned much within the last two decades. It has been left to this one little Eskimo lady from the far distant, almost unknown region of the East Coast, to tell to us the pathetic and curious tale of home life and child life in the frozen North.

Of this little-explored portion of the globe Captain Holm, the Danish explorer, who recently returned from the Arctic seas to Copenhagen, says:

"I found the east coast of Greenland to be the coldest and most dismal region of all the Arctic lands I ever visited; and here, isolated

from the whole world, is a race of people who have never known of the great civilized nations of the earth!



OLOF KRARER IN ESKIMO CLOTHING.

"They differ entirely in language and physical character from the Eskimos of West Green-

land. From the meager traditions they have, it is to be supposed that they are descendants of early Icelandic Norsemen, who, centuries ago, were wrecked off that perilous coast, and, unable to return to their native land, became the founders of this strange people who to-day inhabit this little-known portion of the land.

"They have been cut off from communication with the outer world, by reason of the great masses of ice, sometimes hundreds of miles wide, perpetually piled up against the shore, which have kept explorers from the east coast of Greenland long after all other Arctic lands were fairly well known. Within the past two centuries, ten, or twelve expeditions have been sent out in search of the lost Norsemen, who, it is supposed, settled here, but only one ship has ever been known to reach the coast.

"The people of this country live in little hamlets or settlements; and, aside from their ignorance and the suffering caused by the intense cold, they seem to be a happy, contented, honest people."

In this dreary land, some thirty years ago, was born the little woman who to-day tells us her wonderful story.

Her first recollections are of the snow-hut which was her home, and the bitter cold and frequent hunger from which every one about her suffered. Fuel there was none, there being no vegetable life in that latitude; and to make the feeble fires which served to keep them only half warm, the dried flesh of the reindeer, with the bones of walrus and of fish, were ignited by means of a piece of flint.

The precious bits of flint are obtained when some aged iceberg breaks up on their coast; they are fragments picked up by the glacier, of which the berg was a portion, during its slow progress of centuries. Flints are rare in Eskimoland; and sometimes there is only one in a community of several families. The flint-owner is the rich man of the place. He does not hoard his treasure, however, for the flint is freely borrowed and generously offered at all times.

Inside the snow-hut, obedience is the law. An Eskimo mother, when she says to her child, "I will punish you," never fails to keep her word.

The punishment is severe, and is never forgotten — for it leaves its mark.

"You have disobeyed me; I will punish you; I will burn you with the bone," says the mother, and the little one sees her light the fire and heat a bone very hot, and then upon some portion of the body — but never upon the face — the mother burns into her naughty little one a painful reminder of disobedience.

There appears to be little true affection in the care which an Eskimo mother gives her babies; she never fondles and pets them, and when they are peevish or ill she neglects them — not unlike some of the lowest brutes.

As soon as they are able to sit alone, they are put upon the fur-covered floor to take care of themselves; and there they sit, muffled in their little seal-skin jackets — the fur side turned inward — with their little arms folded about their bodies to keep warm. The girls grow deformed by being constantly in this constrained position. The boys, who are more active and go out-of-doors, escape such deformity; but all Eskimo women have the upper arm short and crippled from disuse.

An Eskimo girl has an indolent time of it; there is no housework to do. There are no household utensils of any kind; no brooms with which to sweep; even no water for washing. The blubber of the whale, the flesh of the polar-bear, and fish — their only articles of food — are eaten frozen and raw. Only the very sick or old, or infants, ever taste heated meat. As for washing, an Eskimo does not understand the term. Occasionally they grease themselves with oil and fat; but that is their only mode of personal cleanliness or adornment, and, indeed, the Eskimo girl with the shiniest face is considered the belle of the community!

"Be good to one another," is the precept taught to her children by an Eskimo mother; and quarrels and disagreements among them, when not settled by the hot bone, are argued down and met with that same "Golden Rule" by which Christians are told to live.

When an Eskimo baby is born, a bag of skins is fashioned for its sole use, and in it a record of its age is kept forever after. Into this bag a little bone is put once every year, and it is considered a kind of sacrilege either to take out or put in a bone except at the proper time. The year is reckoned from the time the person

first sees the sun appear upon the horizon — for that luminary is not a daily visitor in the land of the frozen North. Four long months of continual night, lighted only by the stars and moon; four months of daylight without rest from the blinding sun; two months of glimmering twilight before, and two after, the coming of the sun, make up the Arctic year. After the second twilight period, which is the pleasantest season, when the sun first shows his dazzling rays above the horizon, the new year begins in the Eskimo's family life, and into each bag of skins is deposited a bone to keep the record of the family ages.

They have no register or notation of time, nor routine of daily life, as we understand it. They eat when they are hungry and sleep when they are sleepy.

The furniture of an Eskimo woman's house is very simple: a rug of furs upon the snow floor; perhaps a rude seat or two built of snow and covered with fur, and hangings of the same about the snow walls. There are besides a huge bag of fur, into which the entire family crawl to sleep, and perhaps a few rough implements of bone for the rude work of their monotonous lives. The making, or rather holding together, of the fur garments they wear is accomplished by means of a sort of bone needle and cords made of the dried sinews of the reindeer. The flesh of the same animal, poor and tough from the meager nourishment it is able to obtain, is never eaten, but is used for fuel; and from the skin the harness for the dogs and sledges is made. All tools for working, and weapons for the capture of seals and walrus and bear, are formed of bone and the tusks of the walrus.

There is no outdoor occupation or amusement for the women. Occasionally a man will take his mother or wife out in a sledge for an airing; and if a little one goes, too, it is carried inside the large fur hood of the woman's coat, and dangles down her back.

There is no mode of government, as we understand it, in these communities: no laws; no written language; no one man holds a higher place than any other — the man who owns the flint is perhaps the millionaire of the hamlet, but he shares his riches with

the rest. All are equal, and meet on common ground.

Custom is the highest law of their bare, rude lives; and their customs are prompted and regulated mainly by the first great instinct of self-preservation.

When the sun makes its appearance, after the long night of many months has passed, and the bitter cold becomes a little less severe, a faint, peculiar, crackling sound is heard in the land. It is eagerly listened for and joyously reported as soon as heard, for it denotes the advent of the only eventful season of their quiet lives.

From hut to hut goes the inquiry, "Have you heard the ice breaking up?" and when the glad news is confirmed and the good tidings spread throughout the settlement, the men and youths assemble and prepare for the hunt; and the women feel glad that there will soon be fresh food to put into the hungry mouths of their cold little ones.

The polar-bears are an easy prey, for their hunger, too, drives them to the shore to contest with the men in the search for food. The whale, walrus, and seal are the most difficult to obtain and the most valuable, for here are oil and blubber as well as flesh and fur.

To the fortunate man who first puts his spear into the animal killed, belongs the skin; but of the rest of the creature each man receives an equal share for himself and family.

Although there is no recognized religion among this peculiar people, they have some idea of worship and a vague belief in an Almighty power for good, as well as a fear and terror of a great bad spirit.

The bad spirit, they believe, dwells in a climate much colder and more wretched than their own; while to the Good Spirit they attribute an abode of warmth and comfort, whose dwelling-place is in the region of the beautiful and brilliant aurora borealis; and in such awe do they hold that rosy, palpitant splendor, when it bursts upon their vision, that they deem it daring to boldly face the dazzling light, and therefore they reverently bow their heads.

When, after a long winter's fast — sometimes a famine — the men kill the first walrus or bear or whale, they perform a curious sort of ceremony. They dip their hands into the blood, and before

they eat a mouthful, sing a song of rejoicing over the food they have found at last. Surely a true thanksgiving feast!

Some twenty-five years ago, a crew of Icelandic sailors were wrecked off the east coast of Greenland, and in due time found their way inland and came to a settlement of these strange Eskimos.

It took a long time—it must have been a year or more—before the Icelanders could establish a mode of communication by which to make known to their new friends the story of their own happy homes, and the warmth and comfort to be found in other lands.

At last, growing bitterly homesick, they importuned the natives for help to return. The idea seemed preposterous; but one among the Greenlanders listened gravely to their beseeching overtures, and finally determined that he would risk the perilous journey; and with all his possessions, which consisted of his family, his dogs, and his sledges, agreed to take the unhappy strangers back to their native land.

It was the father of Olof Krarér who was thus brave and kind. And so one winter when, fortunately for them, the passage across the hundreds of miles of sea lying between that part of the coast and Iceland was entirely frozen and traversable, he started with his family and friends for the "Eldorado of the East" of which the castaways had told such glowing tales.

It took months of perilous travel to make the journey, but they finally reached Iceland, and were welcomed by its hospitable people.

Here it was that the little Olof, then a girl of fifteen was adopted, and educated in the mission school.

After five years' residence in Iceland, her own people dying from the effects of the change of climate, she came to British North America with friends; and there she pursued her studies, learned the English language, and a few years later was prepared to lecture upon the manners and customs of her native land.

One would never associate one's preconceived idea of the "dark, ugly Eskimos" with this blonde, blue-eyed, pretty little lady who introduces herself as of that people; but one can readily trace all the characteristics of the sturdy Norse race in her appearance. Stunted and

dwarfed as her people have been by centuries of cold and suffering and ignorance, she still shows the characteristics of that hardy, handsome, and intelligent race.

The people of East Greenland are, as she tells us, the lineal descendants of the Norsemen; there are no others among their ancestors; and



OLOF KRARÉR.

consequently, beneath the coating of grease and smoke and dirt, which their daily lives in the close snow-huts produce, they are really as fair and white as their Norse brethren across the frozen sea.

When first introduced to the ways of civilized life, the little Olof ate the soap given her, and stoutly rebelled against the use of water for washing, having never seen it so used!

For months after her arrival in British North America, it was necessary to keep her in a room filled with ice and snow, so bitterly did she suffer from the heat.

Notwithstanding she is rejoiced to be away from so desolate a country as her native land, she speaks affectionately of her home, and of the people in that isolated spot. She says, with a certain pride :

"My people, in spite of their ignorance and misery, are an honest, contented, happy race: they are good to one another; they *never* steal, and they *never* lie; and," she adds, a little severely: "I find that when one becomes civilized and educated, it is not so uncommon a thing to tell lies—what you call 'little white lies'; but it yet seems wrong to me—a heathen born!"

To those who ask, "Can nothing be done to lessen the sufferings of your people?" she replies, "Nothing, absolutely. To go to them is almost impossible; and the cold would kill you even if you were successful in reaching them. Then, there is no language by which you could make them comprehend what you would do. The language of the coast of East Greenland is unlike any other Eskimo language—all Arctic explorers will tell you that. My poor people would have no conception of what you meant were you to tell them what they miss in life. They are fast decreasing in numbers. They are dying out. They will not suffer much longer. To come to you? Ah, that, too, would kill them, as it killed all of my family but myself. No; your people are kind and generous, but there is

nothing to be done. My people are dying from the face of the earth."

Such hopeless, pathetic truth!

In the interesting lectures which this little lady is delivering in our country (and she speaks very intelligibly, in good, pure English, and at times quite captivately), she tells us the Eskimo names of the family, which are as follows:

Father, *kato*; mother, *keralenja*; brother, *drayos*; sister, *stokee*; baby, *karaka*. House is *igloo*. And she sings a little Eskimo love-song, which she gives any one permission to remember, words and music, if they can. The words would not be intelligible, but the music, like the music of all uncivilized races, is weird and attractive; and she sings it in a very good mezzo-soprano voice, the last note of each bar being prolonged as much as possible.

ESKIMO LOVE-SONG.



A GRIEVOUS COMPLAINT.

BY EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

"IT'S hard on a fellow, I do declare!"

Said Tommy one day, with a pout;

"In every one of the suits I wear

The pockets are 'most worn out.

They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole,

And I never have more than three;

And there's always coming a mean little hole

That loses my knife for me.

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—

Some cookies, an apple or two,

A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,

Some nails, and maybe a screw,

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And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,

And shells and pebbles and such,

And some odds and ends—yes, honest, that's all!

You can see for yourself 't is n't much.

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,

With pockets made wide and long;

Above and below and before and behind,

Sewed extra heavy and strong.

I'd want about a dozen or so,

All easy and quick to get at;

And I should be perfectly happy, I know,

With a handy rig like that."

FABLELAND STORIES.

BY JOHN HOWARD JEWETT.



I. MISTRESS MAY AND HER PETS.

MANY years ago, in a far-off country, very strange things happened.

The name of this far-off country was Fableland, and the children there learned many useful lessons by listening to a merry little Wizard-bird whose first name was "Con."

One bright summer morning in Fableland, Con. the wizard-bird was singing among the snowy blossoms of a white hawthorn-tree near the porch of a quaint old-castle.

The bird seemed to be waiting for some one, for he sang the same song over and over again, and this was the song he sang:

"I know a maid with a sunny face,
And sunlit golden hair;
Whose sunny thoughts have lent their grace
To make her life as fair.
Whose golden deeds spring up like flowers
And weave for her a crown.
May love's glad sunshine gild her hours
Until life's sun goes down."

Presently, while the bird was still singing, a lovely little maiden came out of the castle and ran eagerly down the broad path which led to the tree.

The maiden seemed to understand every word of the song, for when the bird saw her and ceased singing, she blushing answered: "Thank you, dear Con., for your kind thoughts. I am glad you have come this morning, for I am going away, and wish to ask a favor of you."

The bird flew down and perched upon her outstretched hand, and said: "I heard your wish, although you only whispered it to yourself this morning; and I came at once to answer it, for Con. the Wizard is always glad to serve his good friend Mistress May."

"Thank you again, dear Con.," said Mistress

May. "You are such a comfort to me, and I need you more than ever, just now."

"What is troubling you this lovely morning?" asked Con. "Are the pets behaving badly because you are going to the fair in the village to-day?"

"You have guessed rightly, as you always do," replied Mistress May. "They behaved shamefully when I went to bid them good-bye this morning."

"They all wished to go, too, I suppose," said Con.

"Yes," answered the maiden, "and they were very rude when I told them they could not go with me, because I must remain over night with my friends in the village."



"You wish me to sing to these ungrateful pets, and try to put them in good humor while you are away, do you not?" said Con.

"Indeed I do, if you will be so kind," replied

Mistress May; "for they grow more and more selfish and discontented every day, though I try to do all I can to make them happy."

"Will you leave Teddy Mann at home to take care of the pets, as usual?" asked Con.

"Certainly I will, for no one understands them so well as he does. But why do you ask?" said Mistress May.

"Because I fear his example is not good for the pets," replied Con. "He finds too much fault, himself, and seems to forget all you have done for him and his family."

"Poor Teddy has a hard time, I fear," said Mistress May. "Just now I saw him hurrying across the fields trying to catch that runaway donkey 'Sancho.'"

"Leave the pets and Teddy to me until to-morrow, and I will see what I can do to make them more cheerful and reasonable," said Con.

"Thank you for all your kindness, dear Con," answered Mistress May; "and now I must say good-bye until we meet again when I return from the fair."

"Good-bye, fair Mistress May.
Kind Fortune spare you sorrow.
Speed well,—a merry day,
And safe return to-morrow,"

sang the bird as he spread his wings and flew away over the fields; while the maiden returned to the castle to prepare for her journey.

II. ARCO, THE SHEPHERD-BOY.



WAY over the fields flew the little bird to a neighboring hillside, where Arco, a shepherd-boy, was lying under the wide-spreading branches of an old oak-tree, playing on a sweet-toned pipe made of a hollow reed.

The shepherd-boy's task was to watch a flock of sheep and lambs while they were grazing on the open pastures during the daytime, and to sleep near their fold at night, in a snug, heather-thatched hut built against an overhanging rock.

Every morning, one of the men from his master's farm in the village came on horseback to

bring him a basket of food and a jug of milk for the day; and a spring of sparkling water bubbled out from under the rocks near his hut.

For company he had his gentle flock, a fine shepherd-dog, and his musical pipe, and almost every day he met and had a friendly chat with Joan, a rosy-cheeked lassie, as she drove her flock of snow-white geese to their feeding-grounds in the meadow beyond the grazing-fields.

On this bright summer morning all the landscape before him was smiling in the sunlight; the air was full of sweet, glad sounds of busy insects, a gentle breeze was whispering in the tree-tops, and the waving branches were playing with their shadows on the grass.

The tones of the shepherd's pipe were soft and musical, but the tune was a sad one, and the boy's face became sober and wistful as he laid aside his pipe and gazed far across the valley where the roofs and steeples of many buildings were glistening in the distance.

Presently, as if thinking aloud, he said: "Oh, how I wish I were anything but a shepherd! For then I would have a holiday and go to the fair over yonder, where all the lads and lassies of the village will have a merry time to-day!"

Before he had finished speaking the bird flew down from the branches of the oak, and, perching upon a rock near by, began to sing this little song:

"Why are you sad
When all is glad,
My gentle shepherd-boy?
The birds and bees,
The flowers and trees
Are all alive with joy.

"Your heart attune
To cheery June,
And pipe a merry lay.
The fields are fair,
Their gladness share —
Come, pipe your gloom away."

The music of the song was so full of gladness that Arco turned a scowling face toward the singer, and grumblingly said: "Oh, you can sing and make believe you are happy, for you are only a bird, and know no better. If you were in my place you would feel like singing a very different strain!"



The song ceased, and a voice that came from the bird replied, "Only a bird, did you say? PRESTO! CHANGE!" and in a twinkling the bird was gone, and in its place Arco beheld another boy, the very image of himself, leaning against the oak and smiling at him.

"Who are you?" cried the startled shepherd.

"I am Con. the Wizard," replied the voice, "and I will take your place to-day and watch the flock, while you have your wish and go to the fair in the village."

"What will the master say if I do not perform my task?" asked Arco.

"Leave your task to me," replied Con. "Go, follow your wish, where your thoughts have already been straying, to the fair; and when you have found the happiness you seek, come back at this hour to-morrow and tell me about it."

Taking the shepherd's staff and pipe from Arco and giving him a silver flute instead, Con. seated himself under the tree and began to play a lively quickstep, while Arco ran eagerly down the hillside, and was soon out of sight on his way to the fair.

III. TEDDY MANN'S WISH.



FEW minutes later a fussy little man, dressed in a footman's livery, came panting along the hillside, beating and scolding a half-grown donkey.

When the fussy little man saw Con. sitting under the tree disguised as a shepherd boy, he said petulantly:

"It is an easy time you are having, lying there in idleness. I wish I were in your place, young lazy-bones!"

"What is the matter with you and your long-eared companion, and why are you so fretful and sullen this lovely morning?" asked Con., with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Companion to a donkey, am I?" said the fussy little man. "I would have you to know, young lazy-bones, that I am as fine a man as yourself, any day in the week, barring my bad luck, for,

"I am Teddy Mann of the Castle,
And I was a poet born;
Bad luck has brought my gifts to naught,
I'm slaving from night till morn.

"Young Mistress May of the Castle
Goes off with her prancing span,
And leaves behind, her pets to mind,
Poor Teddy, her serving-man.



"There are: 'Sancho,' this rascal donkey,
A poodle called 'Prince,' from France,
'Tam O'Shanter,' the cat, out late like a bat,
And a huge St. Bernard named 'Lance.'

"All four of these troublesome creatures
Are grumbling or glum to-day,
They bray and growl, they scream and howl
Whenever she goes away,

"Our mistress goes to the fairing,
With never a thought nor care
For Teddy Mann; — 't is a sorry plan,
I'm abused, I do declare!"

When Teddy had finished his rhyme, Con. smilingly said: "Poor fellow, you think you have outgrown your station in life and would like to be an idler in the world. I fear, however, you would be just as discontented if you changed your task for mine."

"Your task?" scornfully repeated Teddy.

"What have you to do but to lounge about and pipe the day away? Listen to me, lazy-bones:

"If I were a shepherd like you,
I'd be happy the whole day long;
With no drudging nor trudging to do
I would laugh at the toiling throng,

"For while they were coming and going,
And trudging with plowing and sowing,
Or drudging with reaping and mowing,
I'd be dreaming or making a song."

While Teddy was reciting his lines the shepherd boy suddenly vanished from sight, and a little bird flew up into the tree, and a strange voice exclaimed: "A shepherd you shall be. PRESTO! CHANGE!" and before Teddy could wink he found himself changed into a shepherd, lying under the tree, pipe in hand, while the donkey scampered off alone toward the castle.

"What does this mean?" cried Teddy, the Shepherd, as he looked wonderingly about him and saw only the bird watching him from the branches overhead.

"It means," replied the bird, "that I am Con. the Wizard, and that your wish is granted." And then he added, sternly, "See to it that you remain here and do a shepherd's duty until I return in the morning."

"All right," said Teddy, "but who will mind the pets at the castle?"

"Leave the pets to me, and do your duty here," answered Con., and away he flew toward the castle, leaving Teddy Mann alone with the flock, and the faithful dog that was watching at the foot of the hill to keep the lambs from straying.

IV. THE ENVOIOUS PETS CHANGE PLACES.



WHEN Con. reached the castle he found the four pets, Sancho the donkey, Lance the St. Bernard, Prince the poodle, and Tam O'Shanter the cat, all gathered in a group in the courtyard, complaining to each other and looking very unhappy.

Perching upon a dove-cote near the group, Con. listened for a moment, and then, to attract their attention, he began a sweet, low song:

"Why will you miss all gladness,
And fill your lives with sadness,
By dwelling on your troubles and your ills?
You never hear the flowers
Complaining of the showers,
Or hear the valleys envying the hills.

"Come, be jolly, jolly, jolly,
'T is folly, folly, folly,
And only makes life harder, to complain;
The world is full of beauty
And smiling lightens duty,
Like sunshine weaving rainbows in the rain."

The pets stopped their wrangling to listen to the bird, but when Con. had finished his song Sancho gruffly said: "It is all very well for you to sing and tell others to be happy, for you have nothing else to do. What do you know about our trials and troubles, you idle, good-for-nothing bunch of feathers?"

"Calling me names does not mend your fortunes," replied the bird. "I am Con. the Wizard, and have come to find out why there is so much grumbling and fault-finding among Mistress May's pets."

"I beg your pardon, good Mr. Wizard," hastily exclaimed Sancho, bowing very humbly; "I hope you will excuse my manners, for I have had many things to try my temper this morning."

"All the more need, then, of controlling your temper and keeping a civil tongue," replied Con. "I do not mind your rudeness to me, but it is a good rule to be civil to strangers, and good manners are never out of place even among your most intimate friends.

"As you are the eldest," continued Con., "I will hear your story first. Of what were you complaining before I came?"

"I was only telling this vagabond of a dog, Lance, what an easy time he had," said Sancho.

"I wish," continued the donkey, "that I had his liberty to go roaming about the fields and have a little fun by myself, without having Teddy Mann always chasing at my heels, to beat and drive me back to the stable, and to harness or saddle me by day, and shut me up in a box-stall at night."

"Poor Sancho," said Con.; "I can guess what troubles you. You are sorry you were not born a dog."

"It is the dog's liberty I ask, good Mr. Wizard," replied the donkey, "for I am as well born as Lance, and my full name is Sancho Panza,

after a great traveler in Spain, and yet I am kept trotting between the castle and the village, day in and day out, with never a glimpse of the world beyond, while the dog Lance goes roving at will, when he is not too lazy to leave the kennel."

"You are in a sad state of mind," said Con., "and, like many another donkey in the world, you do not seem to know when you are well off."

Turning to the St. Bernard, Con. said: "Now, Lance, tell me your grievance, and be as brief as possible, for we are wasting precious time."

The dog glanced haughtily at the donkey as he said: "My mistress calls me 'Lance,' but my name is Sir Launcelot, after a famous Knight of King Arthur's Round Table, who wore gay armor and had a groom to keep it bright and to wait upon him. Even so has this donkey Sancho; while I must follow his village-cart like a lackey when I go out with my mistress, and at night I must watch the castle grounds."

"Why should I not be given gay trappings and a groom, like Sancho, and have his privilege of being admired in the village and snugly housed at home?" growled Lance.

"You must, indeed, be very miserable in your mind to envy a poor donkey his gaudy trappings and the tasks that go with them," said Con.; and with a smile he turned to the poodle, and asked: "What is troubling the Mistress May's little pet, Prince, to-day?"

The poodle looked up at Con. and peevishly replied: "My life is full of troubles; not because I deserve them, but because I am a poodle."

"I am not only Prince by name, but a prince by birth, for my father was a French King Charles, and yet I have fewer privileges and more hardships than this plebeian cat."

"Tam O'Shanter," continued Prince, "has the freedom of the castle and grounds at all hours of the day and night, and is allowed to make his own toilet or to neglect it as he may choose, while I must be washed and scrubbed and combed and tied up with ribbons every day of my life."

"And besides these indignities," whined the poodle, "I am put on exhibition and made to do stupid tricks every time my mistress has company, and at night I am locked in like a

prisoner, because she fears I may be stolen or get lost. I am tired of being bathed and combed and dried, and dandled by day, and kept in at night, while Tam O'Shanter has such a free and easy time. Do you wonder that I am not happy, Mr. Wizard-bird?"

Con.'s eyes sparkled as he answered: "You may be a prince by name and station, but you seem to have very common tastes and a tramp-like prejudice against habits of neatness and good-breeding. I fear you would fare poorly if left to care for yourself."

Con. turned from the poodle to the cat and said: "It is now your turn, Tam O'Shanter. You look very comfortable and ought to be happy. What fault have you to find with your lot?"

"If you please, Mr. Wizard," said Tam, "I have not been complaining of myself, but it pains me to see these other creatures behave so ungratefully, especially Prince. If there was given to me half the care and attention that is wasted on this thankless poodle, I should be the happiest cat alive."

"No one waits upon me, or seems to care how I look, no matter how much pains I take with my toilet; and at meal-times Prince gets all the tidbits from the table, while I am put off with a dish of milk, or must get my own, as best I can, if I wish for a dainty bit of mouse or any delicacy of that kind."

"Prince talks about my privileges," continued Tam, "but I should like to be coddled and waited on as he is; and let him try staying out-of-doors in all kinds of weather, and see how he would enjoy having empty bottles and other things thrown at him every time he attended a moonlight concert with his friends in the garden."

"You have stated your case very well for a cat," said Con. "Your trouble seems to be not so much what you do not have, or can not get for yourself, as that others have more and are not sufficiently thankful for their blessings."

"Perhaps," continued Con., "it would be a wiser plan for you to think less about the faults of others, and set a good example of cheerfulness and patience by being thankful for the privileges you enjoy."

"And now," continued Con., "having listened

to your complaints, I will say that the situation is very serious, and needs to be promptly remedied.

"You are all more or less envious of each other, and I know of but one way to treat such cases, and that is to grant your wishes.

"I have seen many such instances among human beings, and have this morning tried the experiment on two persons in this neighborhood.

"If you wish, I will permit you to exchange places with each other, and see how you like the change. Do you all agree to this?" asked Con.

"Yes!" shouted the pets in chorus.

"Then it shall be done," said Con; "but, as you are animals, not human beings, it will be necessary only to change your heads.

"PRESTO! CHANGE!" exclaimed Con., and instantly the four heads were changed to the four bodies according to their wishes.

So Sancho had exchanged heads with Lance, and Prince with Tam O'Shanter, and there they stood: the donkey-dog and the dog-donkey, the poodle-cat and the cat-poodle, all gazing at each other in wonder and astonishment.

Before they had recovered from their surprise

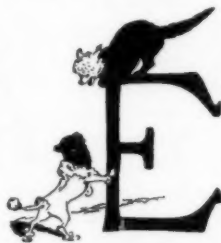


Con. spoke again and said: "Let each perform the duties belonging to the lot he has chosen, and wait until I come again. PRESTO! CHANGE!" and when they looked again the bird was gone, and Teddy Mann, or some one who looked like him, stood among them as if nothing had happened.

It was not Teddy, however, but Con. himself disguised as a footman, and he began at once to attend to his morning duties.

What happened during the next twenty-four

hours can never be fully told, but we know that after the change as before, the sun shone, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and all nature told the same helpful story, to those who loved peace and shunned strife.



V. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PETS.

EARLY the next morning the pets heard the bird singing again, and when they saw Con. perched in the same place where they had last seen him, with one accord they begged him to listen to their complaints once more.

"What is the matter now?" asked Con. "Have you not all had your wishes granted? Are you not happy?"

"We are more wretched than ever," replied Sancho, "and we beg of you, good Mr. Wizard-bird, to change us back as we were when you came here yesterday morning."

Con. looked at their woe-begone faces, and answered: "You are a fickle-minded lot of creatures, and very hard to please; however I will listen to your present troubles and then decide whether to leave you as you are, or to grant your requests."

"Please, Mr. Wizard, may I speak first?" asked Tam O'Shanter, the cat-poodle, in a plaintive voice.

"Yes," answered Con. "But why are you in such haste to find fault with the lot which yesterday you said would make you the happiest cat alive?"

"I was sadly mistaken," whimpered Tam, "and I am in a hurry to be changed to my old self, before Teddy Mann comes to put me in that horrible bath-tub again, where he nearly drowned me yesterday. Ugh! how I dread that water and the scrubbing and combing! I wonder now how poor Prince has lived through such trials so many years. I am willing to make my own toilet, and will never wish to play poodle again so long as I live, if you will let me be the same comfortable cat I was before we changed places."

"It takes two, and sometimes more, to make

a bargain, and perhaps Prince will not consent," replied Con.

"Oh, yes! I will consent to anything, if you will kindly let us be ourselves again," eagerly cried Prince the poodle-cat, "for I need my snug basket to rest in and something fit to eat; I am worn out with the terrors of the night, and am half-starved besides."

"What has happened to change your mind?" asked Con.

"Nearly everything unpleasant that could happen in one long night," responded Prince, dolefully.

"I had a comfortable time during the day," he



continued, "but such a night I never passed before! I hunted in the dark for some-

thing to eat, until even a mouse would have been a luxury; but not a mouse could I catch, for when the mice saw me coming they ran away and hid in their holes. Then I tried to make friends with a pair of strange cats who were calling for Tam in the garden, but the savage brutes scratched and tore me, and they shrieked so loud that the maids threw all manner of things at me from the window, until I was glad to escape with my life. Oh, it was a terribly long night, and I thought the morning would never come! Please let me be a poodle, as I was before, and I will promise never to be envious of the cat again."

"Be patient awhile," said Con., when Prince had finished speaking, "and let us hear what Lance has to say. He seems to be very impatient in his stall. What is the matter with you, Lance?"

"I wish you would send at once for Teddy Mann to let me out of this box-stall," said Lance, the dog-donkey, "for I am disgusted with the whole plan of a donkey's life.

"It was bad enough," growled Lance, "to

have Sancho's bridle put on my head, with his ugly bits in my mouth, and to be strapped to a cart to drag it back and forth on all manner of errands in the sun and dust yesterday, but this is more than I can bear. Here I have been shut up all night with only a bundle of coarse hay and a handful of oats for my dinner and supper, until I feel like a thief in jail and am famishing for a bone to gnaw. This kind of life may be all well enough for a plebeian donkey, but I have seen better days,—and nights, too, for that matter,—and the sooner we exchange heads and places again, the better I shall be pleased. 'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a'—donkey. Please make haste, Mr. Wizard, and get Sancho to consent to the change."

"It is now your turn. Let us hear from you, Sancho," said Con.

"I need no urging," replied Sancho, the donkey-dog, "for I was a senseless fellow to change with Lance in the first place, and have had quite enough of roving by day and watching by night."

"Tell us about it," said Con.

"I have been tenderly reared," continued Sancho, "and another night of exposure and abuse would ruin my amiable disposition, and my health, too, I fear. Somehow, I lost my relish for thistles when I strolled about the fields for my lunch in the daytime, and such a night as I had, I hope never to go through again.

"Being tired of roaming, when evening came I tried to take a nap in Lance's cramped kennel; but I found no comfort there and was glad to take a turn about the castle grounds.

"Then I tried a quiet place under a tree by the roadside, but I had no sooner fallen asleep than I was rudely awakened by a strolling tramp, who beat me and set his vagabond of a dog upon me, and laughed to see him chase me over the fields.

"I am not naturally a coward, I trust, but every ugly cur in the neighborhood seemed to owe me a grudge and joined the tramp's dog in making me miserable. Not a wink of sleep, nor a peaceful moment have I had all night long. This kind of excitement may do for Lance, but it is a dog's life to me.

"I pray you, good Mr. Wizard, restore us to ourselves, and let me do a donkey's duty again in the world. Liberty is sweet, but it has its dangers. I prefer safety and peace of mind. Let me be a donkey to the end of my days."

"You seem to have been almost as unfortunate as the great traveler after whom you were named," remarked Con., with a chuckle; and turning to the group, he said: "This is just the result I expected when you asked to change places with each other yesterday. You have begun your education in the dear school of experience, because you would not learn in any other, just as the old maxim says; and perhaps one lesson will be enough."

"It will!" shouted the pets in chorus, and they begged Con. to forgive their grumbling and to grant their requests.

"If you are all agreed, it shall be done," said Con. "Are you ready?"


"Yes—and thank you a thousand times!" shouted the pets again.

"PRESTO! CHANGE!" exclaimed Con., and instantly, their heads came off and then on again in their proper places, and the four pets were themselves once more.

When each had finished shaking himself, and looking himself over to see if he were all there, they began to ask why Teddy Mann had not come to give them their breakfast, and how it happened that he had not seemed to notice any change in the pets while they were wearing each other's heads.

"I will explain that part," said Con. "I took his place for the time, while Teddy was having his wish and trying to be happy as a shepherd over yonder on the hillside. I will send him to you presently. Good-bye, until I come again!"

VI. TEDDY MANN'S NEW TRIALS.



HEN Con. reached the hillside the sun was just peeping over the hill-tops and chasing the shadows from the valley, where the dewdrops were sparkling a welcome to the sunlight and getting ready to say good-bye to their dainty couches among the grass and flowers.

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Teddy Mann, the shepherd, had just released the flock from the fold, and the gentle ewes were straying along the beaten paths, nibbling here and there, or watching the frisky lambs as they capered about among the rocks and heather, having plenty of fun, but making their anxious mothers uneasy, just as other happy little lambs sometimes do without meaning any harm.

All the scene was fresh and balmy, yet Teddy Mann seemed blind to the beauty and fragrance of the morning, and to be wrapped in his own gloomy thoughts, as he came slowly from the hut toward the old oak-tree, muttering bitterly to himself.

Con. was sitting upon the edge of the great rock in front of the tree; and, as Teddy came near, Con. heard him repeating to himself these doleful rhymes:

"Why did you leave your serving,
Teddy Mann?
Good luck you 're not deserving,
Teddy Mann!
You thought you were a poet,
That a shepherd's life would show it,
And all the world would know it,
Teddy Mann, Teddy Mann!"

"An idle shepherd turning,
Teddy Mann,
Your cares and comforts spurning,
Teddy Mann,
Have turned your life to grieving:
Your own plain duty leaving,
Yourself you were deceiving,
Teddy Mann, Teddy Mann!"



"Good morning, Teddy," said Con. "Is what I heard you singing the kind of song a happy shepherd sings?"

The startled Teddy looked sharply around, and when he saw the bird sitting on the rock he dropped upon his knees and cried out:

"Oh, good Mr. Wizard-bird, please take me out of this before I am gone daft entirely!"

"You must not kneel to me!" said Con.

sternly. "Get up and stop whimpering, and face your troubles like a man." And then he added: "Tell me why you now complain and wish to leave this delightful place, where only yesterday morning you said you would be happy the whole day long."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wizard," replied Teddy. "I know my own mind better now, and I have changed my tune entirely. Listen to me:

"Through all the day from friends away
No comfort could I take;
Half crazed with fright, the long, long night
The owls kept me awake.

"I miss my home where children come
To greet me at the door,
My humble task is all I ask,
For Teddy's dream is o'er.

"One day and night have set me right
And cured my foolish plan;
I know my place, and pray for grace
To be a serving-man."

"Are you sure you wish to go back to your old life and its tasks?" asked Con.

"Indeed I am, for my heart is pining for the sound of the children's voices at home, and for a glimpse of my kind Mistress May and the dear pets," replied Teddy, brushing away a tear.

"If I grant your wish this time, will you try to set a good example to 'those troublesome creatures' as you called the dear pets yesterday?" asked Con.

"Upon my honor, I will," answered Teddy; "and, furthermore, I will make none but cheerful rhymes in future, if you will let me be my old self again."

"Then I think you may be trusted, and you shall have your wish," said Con. "PRESTO! CHANGE!" and, instead of the doleful shepherd, there stood Teddy Mann, dressed in his footman's livery once more, with a happy smile on his face as he said to the bird:

"My hearty thanks, good Mr. Con.,
To the castle I'll away;
No happier man the sun shines on
Than Teddy Mann this day.

"While I've a home, and friends to share,
Of tasks I'll ne'er complain,
And when my lot seems hard to bear,
I'll sing my merriest strain.

"And should the sky grow dark and drear,
I'll bravely do my part
To keep the clouds from coming near
The sunshine in my heart."

"Bravo, Teddy!" cried Con.; "you have hit the right key at last, and the more of that kind of music you make in your life, the happier you will be. Go back to the Castle and be kind to the pets, and remember Con.'s advice, that

"The best kind of luck,
For all kinds of weather,
Is plenty of pluck
And cheerful endeavor."

VII. ARCO RETURNS FROM THE FAIR.



While Teddy was hastening to the Castle, Con. hid himself behind the rock and watched Arco as he came slowly and sadly toward his old resting-place by the oak. Con. could see that the shepherd-boy was far from happy, for the glad smile of boyish eagerness and hope, which beamed in his face when he gaily set out for the fair on the previous morning, was gone. Arco sighed wearily as he threw himself upon the grassy mound under the tree.

Presently Arco raised his head; and, looking across the fields where he could see the peaceful flock grazing in the sunshine, or nestling in the shade, he said, sadly:

"Oh, why did I ever leave this quiet place to be jostled and tormented by that noisy throng of strangers at the fair? I wonder where that Wizard shepherd, who took my place, has gone, and whether he will give me back my reed pipe and staff, and let me be a happy shepherd boy again?"

Con. peered from behind the rock while Arco was speaking, and seeing the troubled and anxious face of the boy, he flew at once to the tree, and said, kindly: "Welcome home, Arco! How fared you in the village yesterday?"

Raising his eyes to the branches overhead, where Con. was seated, and seeing only the bird, Arco asked in a trembling voice: "Are you the same little Wizard-bird who was here yesterday morning?"

"The very same Con. the Wizard, at your service, now as then," replied Con.

"Where is my double, the other shepherd I left in my place?" asked Arco.

"Gone to his own tasks, a wiser and a hap-

pier man, I hope," replied Con. "Teddy Mann, of the Castle, took your place soon after you left, and was glad enough to leave it when I came to see him a few moments ago."

"Then, may I have my place back again?" asked Arco, eagerly.

"Perhaps you may; but first tell me why you are in such a humor, and what you have done with the silver flute?" said Con.

"I have lost the silver flute, and have been very unhappy," replied Arco; "and if you will please be patient with me, I will tell you all about the miserable time I have had, and how wretched and ashamed my foolish wish has made me."

"I am always patient," replied Con., "for my mission in the world is to try to teach everybody to be patient, not only with others but with themselves. Cheer up, and tell me your story; perhaps your new troubles are not so bad as they seem," said Con.

Arco's face began to brighten as he said: "Thank you, dear Wizard-bird; I suppose I ought to be punished for my folly. Not one happy moment did I have in the village, for when I reached the fair I found the lads and lassies all dancing in couples on the green, and I wished to join them. In my selfish haste to have a good time myself, I forgot that Joan would not be there, and as I had no partner, the other lads made me pipe for them to dance. When they were tired of dancing, they mocked me and called me 'a long-haired rustic,' and made fun of my awkward ways, until they almost broke my heart. Then I went away and hid behind a hedge, where I cried myself to sleep.

"While I slept, a band of strolling gypsies came along and robbed me of my flute. I followed them for many miles, and begged them to give me back the flute, because it was not mine; but they jeered at me and said I had stolen it, and bade me begone or they would do me harm. I was ashamed to return without the flute, and, being so troubled, I lost my way, and have been wandering all night long without food. Believe me, dear Wizard-bird, I was glad to reach this peaceful place; and if you will forgive me for the loss of the silver flute and let me have my reed pipe, my hut by the rock, and

my shepherd's life once more, I will thank you as long as I live."

"My poor boy," said Con., pityingly, "you need not grieve for the lost flute, for you have gained something far more precious than silver or gold: you have found your place in the world, and the spirit of Content shall come and abide with you to the end of your days. Take back your reed pipe and staff, and be a gentle shepherd boy again!"

Arco's face beamed with joy, and his eyes were full of happy tears as he tried to speak his thanks; but Con., who was looking across the valley, suddenly exclaimed: "Look yonder, Arco, there is Joan, driving her geese to the meadows! Run and meet her, and be glad you have one true friend in whose simple life and honest heart you will find more happiness than all this bustling world, with its pleasures and strifes, can give you. Be your own gentle, faithful self, Arco. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" cried the shepherd boy, as he ran down the hill to meet Joan, while Con. flew back to the Castle.

A few moments later Con. heard the sweet tones of the shepherd's pipe blending softly with the morning voices in the air, and, listening, he caught the notes of this tender "song without words":



and he knew that Joan and Arco were together, in the fragrant meadow, and happy in their own simple way.

VIII. MISTRESS MAY'S HAPPY FAMILY.



At the castle gate, Con. found Teddy Mann and all the pets waiting and watching for Mistress May's return, all smiling and good-natured and eager to give their mistress a pleasant welcome home.

Presently they heard the coachman's horn, and in a very few minutes after the coach and pair came dashing into the court yard.

Mistress May noticed at once the happy faces of her pets, and giving each a kind caress, not forgetting a pleasant word to Teddy Mann, she smilingly said to Con., who had perched upon her shoulder: "You have been teaching my pets to be happy, I see, and I thank you, my good Con., for them and for myself."

"We have learned many things since you left us," said Sancho;—"And we hope you will pardon our rudeness yesterday morning," said Lance;—"And we will promise to behave better in future," said Prince;—"For we have all been so unhappy," said Tam O'Shanter;—"And Con. has taught us a new song," said Teddy Mann, "about which I will give you a rhyme, if you will kindly listen."

Mistress May smiled and replied that it would give her great pleasure to hear both the rhyme and the song, and Teddy began:

"While you have been a-fairing
Your pets have all been wearing
Each other's heads, and sharing
Another lot in life.
And Teddy has been lying
On yonder hillside, trying
A shepherd's life, denying
Himself his home and wife.

"The joys we thought alluring
Proved griefs beyond enduring,
Our foolish wishes curing;—
And Con., the Wizard-bird,
A new song has been singing,
Which in our hearts is ringing,
A glad song, comfort bringing
Wherever it is heard."

"Chorus by the pets!" cried Con., and they made the courtyard ring as they merrily sang together:

"We are jolly, jolly, jolly,
For 't is folly, folly, folly,
And only makes life harder, to complain.
The world is full of beauty,
And smiling lightens duty
Like sunshine weaving rainbows in the rain."

Mistress May clapped her hands and said: "Thank you, my gentle pets!" and then she added: "Now I will sing you a song, if you will all join in the chorus with me," and in a sweet, low voice she sang:

"See the clouds go drifting by
Leaving clear the summer sky;
So our little troubles fly
When the bird is singing nigh.
For merrily, cheerily, ever is heard
The glad little song of the wise little bird."

"If the heart is pure within,
When you hear his song begin,
Better than a crown to win
'T is to let the singer in.
For merrily, cheerily, ever is heard
The glad little song of the wise little bird.

"Would you learn the lesson meant,
Why the Wizard-bird is sent
With his message? Heaven has lent
"Con." the Spirit of Content.
For merrily, cheerily, ever is heard
The glad little song of the wise little bird."

When the last chorus had been sung, Teddy Mann took off his hat, and bowing to Mistress May, said: "Craving your pardon, it is Con.'s turn now."

"Certainly it is," replied Mistress May; "and I hope he will give us a parting song, for I must go into the Castle, and Con. will dine with me to-day."

Con. looked up into her face as he modestly said: "If I sing at all, it must be the same simple song, with only a change of words, for I have never learned any other"; and, swelling his little throat, Con. filled the air with a joyous melody as he sang:

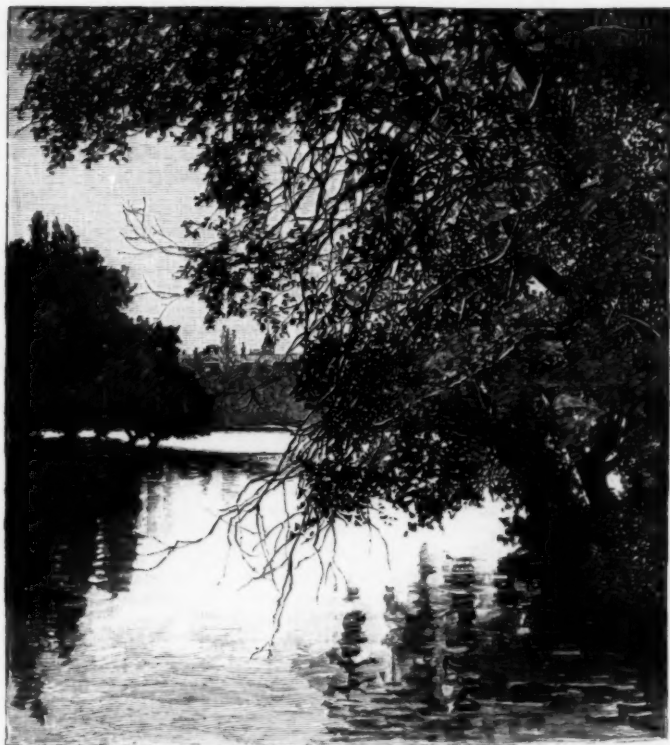
"'T is better to smile than to frown;
'T is better to laugh than to cry;
For when the bright sun goes down
The stars are still left in the sky.
Contentment is life's fairest crown,
And hope's sweetest songs never die.

"Smile bravely on, the Wizard Con.
Still waits where'er you roam;
He loves to cheer all who will hear,
And make their hearts his home!"

When the song ceased, Mistress May and Con. said good-bye, and entered the Castle, while Teddy Mann and the pets returned to their every-day duties to try, each in his own way, to make the best of his lot in life.

Con. the Wizard is still singing in Fableland, and when our hearts are troubled, if we keep very still and listen, we may hear the echoes of his glad song, even in this noisy world of ours.





ONE AFTERNOON.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

PAPA and Mamma went out to row,
And left us alone at home, you know,—
Roderick, James, and me.
“Now, dears,” they said, “just play with your
toys,
Like dear little, good little, sweet little boys,
And we will come home to tea.”

We played with our toys the *longest* while!
We built up our blocks for nearly a mile,
Roderick, James, and I.
But when they came tumbling down, alas!
They fell right against the looking-glass;
Oh! *how* the pieces did fly!

Then we found a pillow that had a rip,
And all the feathers we out did slip,
Roderick, James, and I.
And we made a snow-storm, a glorious one,
All over the room. Oh! was n't it fun,
As the feathery flakes did fly!

But just as the storm was raging around,
Papa and Mamma came in, and found
Roderick, James, and me.
Oh! terrible, terrible things they said.
And they put us all three right straight to bed,
With the empty pillow-case under my head,
And none of us had any tea.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE'S a summer for you, my hearers! Is it not the very brightest, sweetest, most musical summer that ever has come to gladden us all? Did ever the meadow look so fair or the sky bend over it so kindly, so grandly? And the bird-songs — now near, now faint in the distance — how exquisite they are!

And the bird language — what a language it is! Perhaps some of you bright school-house children have studied it on Sundays and holidays? You even may be able to say as certain grown folk and little folk say of French and German: "I don't *speak* it, but I can understand it pretty well." There's brother Burroughs now — John Burroughs, the author of "Wake-Robin." He not only understands bird language like a native, but he almost speaks it — bless his big observant soul! You may feel quite sure too, my friends, that when he is around the birds always have plenty to say to *him*.

That reminds me. Here is a letter which you shall see at once. It was sent from North Germany to the Little Schoolma'am by Mrs. Leonowens, a lady widely known in America, I am told and one who loves young folk well:

CASSEL,
HESSEN-NASSAU.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Knowing how much is done through the columns of the ST. NICHOLAS to awaken the kindly interest of its readers in behalf of animals, I send you this translation, made by my eldest grandson, of a leaflet just issued by C. W. Peter of Cassel, and put into the hands of every boy and girl, in the interest of the birds which visit Cassel in the spring and summer. Owing to the humane spirit which prevails here, birds are friendly and confiding beyond measure; so that they form one of the chief attractions of our summer life. It occurred to me that perhaps you might make use of it in behalf of your birds on the other side of the Atlantic, so I asked James, who is just eleven, to render

it into English for you. This he has gladly done, as he is a great lover of nature, and delights in studying and observing the birds, butterflies, and insects here.

Very sincerely yours, A. H. LEONOWENS.

Here is the manifesto itself translated by Master James Carlyle Fyshe:

THE WARNING CRY OF THE BIRDS IN SPRING:

The assembled flock of birds of the province Hessen has in the first meeting this year uttered the following warning cry:

Now that we have returned from strange and distant lands to our dear old homes, and have resumed our former habitations in wood and field, in town and country, intending to establish here happy households, and to lead peaceful and joyous lives; we beg to put ourselves and our offspring under the all-powerful protection of man. We cherish the hope that each and all, young and old, big and little, will do us no injury, nor cause us any suffering, either to our persons or to our lives, nor rob us of the precious gift of noble freedom. In particular do we urgently and kindly pray of you never to disturb the little homes which we have, with so much labor and care, built up, nor to take away our tiny eggs, but to leave them and our young brood always in our care; and in fact to treat us at all times as good friends.

In return, we will, on our part, by jolly hopping, fluttering, and flying, with our whistling, twittering, and singing, prepare for you both entertainment and pleasure; and we also will rid the trees, bushes, shrubs, herbs, and the cattle of all destructive insects, so that your woods, fields, gardens, and parks will thrive in all their loveliness, and the people on God's newly revived and glorious creation may find every joy and delight therein.

This was given forth in the "Forest Home," between Easter and Whitsuntide of this year, A. D. 1890.

In the name of the assembly.

Signed by the Plenipotentiaries:

MR. LARK,
MR. STARLING,
MR. NIGHTINGALE.

NEWS FROM THE VACA VALLEY.

HERE is a capital little letter which came to your Jack all the way from California.

VACA VALLEY, CAL., Feb. 14, 1890.

DEAR JACK: I am a little boy, and I live on a fruit ranch in Vaca Valley, Northern California. Jack-in-the-Pulpit wants to know how we get fruit-pits for fuel. All of the ranches in our valley dry a great deal of fruit, both peaches and apricots, which have to be cut in halves before drying. As they are cut, the pits are thrown into a large box; and these are put away for winter's use. They must be kept dry and will burn like coal and make as much heat. I hope you will tell the boys and girls about this. Good-by. EDMUND K. R——.

ANOTHER JACK.

HERE is a nice letter which my birds seemed delighted to bring me. These messenger birds, by the way, are very useful. I believe there is something of the same sort made out of boy, which is used in large cities. I doubt, though, whether they "fly" on their errands as mine do.

WOODLAND HOLLOW.

DEAR JACK: I am a Jack-in-the-Pulpit myself, and so I thought that I would write to you and tell you about my work. I do not have human children clustering

around me, but, instead, the children of the forest. All the flowers like to hear me, and even the little violet lifts up her head to listen. And the dandelion never wearies though his yellow locks turn white with age. May you prosper, Jack, in your good works, as I hope to in mine.

Sincerely your fellow-worker,

JACK ARUM.

THE BOLO FLOWER.

I AM told that according to a good Maine newspaper called "The Portland Transcript," a flower has been discovered growing upon a mountain in one of the Philippine Islands, which is perhaps the largest flower in existence. It is three feet in diameter and weighs twenty-two pounds. It has five oval creamy-white petals, which grow around a center filled with countless, long violet-hued stamens; whether it has perfume or not "The Transcript" does not say. It must be handsome, and from all accounts a very flower-like flower for its size.

Talking of flower-like flowers, reminds me of the fact that geese are by no means such geese as they are generally supposed to be. Some of them, indeed, are surprised, nay, deeply pained, at the reputation that has falsely been given them. For instance, hear this verse-story written for you by Mr. A. R. Wells, in which he allows the goose to explain its true position in society.

THE GOOSE EXPLAINS.



It was a goose who sadly cried,
 "Alas! Alas! The farm is wide,
 And large the barnyard company,
 But no one ever looks at me;
 There really seems to be no use,
 Or praise, or glory, for a goose.
 They pet the dog whose bark and bite
 Scare tramps by day and thieves by night;
 But when I bravely stand on guard,
 And drive intruders from the yard,
 They laugh at me. The kitten plays,

And all admire her cunning ways;
 But when I venture in the room,
 To play, in turn, some stick or broom



Soon drives me out. Those birds they call
 Canaries cannot sing at all
 In my sweet fashion; yet their lay
 Is praised — from mine folks turn away.



They prize the horse who pulls the cart;
 But when I try to do my part,
 And mount the shafts to help him draw,
 They whip me off. Last week I saw
 Two stupid horses pull a plow,
 I watched the work, I learned just how;
 Then, with my bill, I did the same
 In flower-beds, and got only blame.
 It really seems of little use
 To try to help — when one 's a goose!"





THE BROWNIES' YACHT RACE.

BY PALMER COX.



WHEN fleets of yachts
were sailing round
The rippling bay and
ruffled sound,
The Brownies from a
lofty place

Looked out upon the novel race.
Said one: "This very night, when all
Have left the boats, we 'll make a call,
And boldly sail a yacht or two
Around that ship as people do.
If I can read the signs aright
That nature shows, 't will be a night
When sails will stretch before the blast,
And not hang idly round the mast."

So when the lamps, in city square
Or narrow street, began to glare,

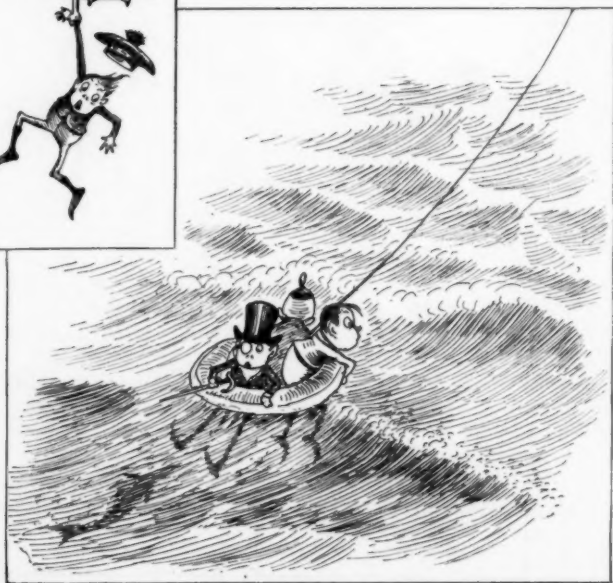


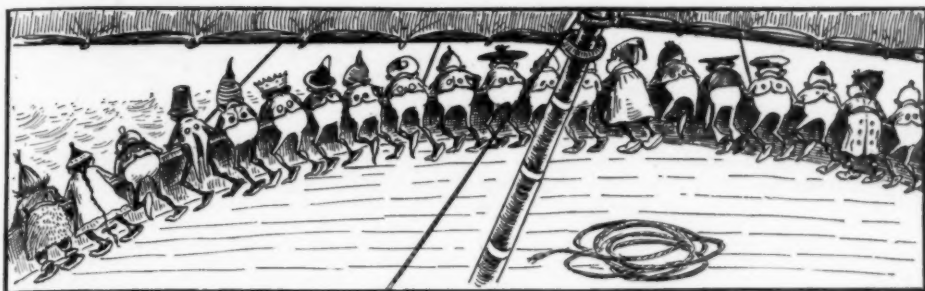
The Brownies ventured from their place
To find the yachts and have their race.
The leader's prophecy came true;
That night the wind increased and blew,
And dipped the sails into the wave,
And work to every Brownie gave.
Not one on board but had to clew,
Or reef or steer or something do.
At times the yachts ran side and side
A mile or more, then parted wide,
Still tacking round and shifting sail
To take advantage of the gale.
Sometimes a yacht beyond control
At random ran, or punched a hole
Clean through her scudding rival's jibs,
Or thumped her soundly on the ribs.
Mishaps occurred to two or three
Who tumbled headlong in the sea,





While they performed some action bold,
And failed to keep a proper hold,
At first it seemed they would be lost,
For here and there they pitched and tossed;
Now on the crest of billows white,
Then in the trough, quite out of sight,
But all the while with valiant heart
Did wonders in the swimming art.
Some life-preservers soon were thrown,
And ready hands left sails alone
And turned to render aid with speed
To those who were so much in need.
But accident could not displace
Or weaken interest in the race:
And soon each active Brownie stood
Where he could do the greatest good.
It mattered not if shifting sail,
Or at the helm or on the rail,





With arm to arm and hip to hip,
They bent in rows to trim the ship.
All hands were anxious to succeed
And prove their yachts made greatest speed.



But though we
sail, or though
we ride,
Or though we
sleep, the mo-
ments glide;

And none must bear this fact in mind
More constantly than Brownie kind.
For stars began to lose their glow
While Brownies still had miles to go.
Said one who scanned, with watchful eye
For signs of dawn, the eastern sky,
"We'll crowd all sail for fear the day
Will find us still upon the bay,

And it would prove a sad affair
If morning light should find us there."
But when the winds began to fail
And lighter pressed the flapping sail
It was determined by the band

To run their
yachts to near-
est land,

So they could
reach their
hiding-place

Before the sun
revealed his
face.



By happy chance a cove they reached
Where high and dry the boats were beached,
And all in safety made their way
To secret haunts without delay.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone offering their MSS. until after the last-named date.

READERS of the biographical sketch of little Helen Keller, the blind deaf-mute, which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for September, 1889, will be glad to learn that the bright little girl has recently been taught to speak and can now readily make herself understood.

WE take much pleasure in giving to our readers the following simple story which Helen wrote especially for ST. NICHOLAS:

SISTER MABEL.

BY HELEN A. KELLER.

HARRY is twelve years old. He has two little sisters, both younger than himself. Mabel is ten and Kitty is five years of age. They live in a beautiful and quiet village, in a far-away southern country, where the sun shines brightly nearly all the year, and where the little birds fill the air with their glad songs from morning until night, and where each gentle breeze is sweet with the perfume of roses, jasmines, and magnolias. Harry and Kitty have a little garden on the sunny side of the house, which they plant, and carefully tend. Harry digs and plows the ground because he is taller and stronger than Kitty. When the ground is all ready, Kitty helps sow the seeds and cover them lightly with the soil. Then they bring water from the well to sprinkle over them. The little boy and his wee sister are very happy together.

Mabel loves to watch them at play from her window. Mabel is an invalid. She has never been able to run and frolic with her brother and sister; but Mabel is not often sad. She sits by the window with the warm sunshine upon her pretty brown hair and pale face, and chats happily to the other children while they work or play. Sometimes a sad feeling comes into Mabel's heart because she cannot run and skip like other little girls, but she wipes away the tears quickly when she sees her brother or sister coming toward her, and tries to greet them with a pleasant smile; for Mabel does not wish to make them unhappy. She often tells Kitty pretty stories she has read, and is always delighted to help Harry with his lessons. I am very sure Mabel helps everybody with her sunny smiles and gentle words. Harry is sure to bring Mabel the first juicy peach which ripens, and dear little Kitty never forgets to give her the first sweet hyacinth which blooms in the little garden. When Harry was ten years old, his father gave him a pretty pony named "Don"; a beautiful pet, and very gentle. Nearly every pleasant morning, after breakfast, Harry and Kitty would go to the stable, and saddle and bridle Don. Then they would lead him around to the side of the house, under Mabel's window, and there he would stand quietly until the other children were ready for their ride, and let Mabel pat his soft nose while he ate the delicious lumps of sugar which she kept for him.

Don has a good friend named "Jumbo." Jumbo is a splendid mastiff with large, kind eyes. Don is never happy if Jumbo is not at his side. Jumbo will sit on his hind legs and look up at Don, and Don will bend his

beautiful head and look at Jumbo. Mabel thinks they have some way of talking to each other—for why should not animals have thoughts and a language as well as we?

Harry would mount Don first, then Kitty's mother would put a blanket before the saddle and place Kitty upon it, and Harry would put his arms around her, and give her the reins, and away they would go! First they would ride through the village and then they would take the broad country road. They would sometimes stop Don to admire the green fields and lovely wild flowers that grew by the way. On their way home they would dismount, and gather the most beautiful flowers they could find for Mabel. Then Harry would drive and Kitty would hold the flowers in her lap. The boy and girl made a pretty picture sitting so gracefully on the pony's back and many people looked at them. Mabel always kissed her hand to them when she saw them coming up the path.

LISBON, MICHIGAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since your first number was published, and as that was November, 1873, and my birthday was in January, 1874, you see we have grown up together. I have never been well enough to play like other children, so my chief amusement is reading, and you don't know what a comfort you have been to me, dear Saint.

The place I live in is a quiet, commonplace little village, but it is very pleasant in the summer-time, as there is a great deal of fruit raised here,—peaches, plums, apples, grapes, etc., and the orchards are very pretty when in blossom.

My sister, who took you before I learned to read, is now living in Grand Rapids, a thriving city sixteen miles from here. She is teaching elocution, and ST. NICHOLAS is a great help to her in her work, as she finds in it so many bright recitations. "Briar Rose" is our favorite.

My sweet little cousin, Daisy D—, who also lives in Grand Rapids, spends a few weeks with me every summer, and we have such merry times together! We used to have a game something like "Flower Ladies," though not as quaint and pretty, for we just used dominoes, having them go through picnics, weddings, baptisms, and funerals—in fact, everything we could think of. One day while we were playing she surprised me by saying: "Faytie, we're just the same as God to these dominoes, are n't we?"

She, too, loves you, and while here spends many happy hours poring over the well-worn pages that have been such a source of pleasure to your loving friend,

FAYE K—.

CHICAGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I had such an unusual experience last winter. I was blockaded on the Union Pacific Railroad. My father and mother were summoned to San Francisco by the severe illness of my only brother; as I am the youngest, I went with them. We had a pleasant and uneventful trip as far as Terrace, when we were delayed for eight hours. We had to wait there for orders to move. We reached Reno, Ne-

vada, an uninteresting frontier town, on Tuesday, January 21st, only to be met with the distressing information that all trains were to be held until the drifts at Summit, Emigrant Gap, and Blue Cañon, and Truckee were cleared. We, of course, supposed this would be done in a day. But, alas! day followed day, and night followed night, and there we were kept in suspense and despair for *ten days*. Our only diversion was looking out of the window at the other delayed passengers, now and then recognizing a familiar face or friend, and at the prowling bands of Indians who hovered around our cars. They looked at us, but never begged nor made themselves disagreeable in any manner. We saw also the cyclone plows running in every direction. Our evenings were enlivened by the Salvation Army, who evidently thought the ten trains of delayed passengers needed the music to cheer them, even if they did not desire the dissertations which they showered upon us. The people at Reno practiced *no* extortion upon any of us, but generously gave us the best they had for meals, at low prices. It has been said that the U. P. R. R. Company paid all the expenses of delayed passengers. But it was not true — except that they did issue a few cheap meal-tickets to those emigrants who asked or demanded to be cared for. Our car was not supplied with even the necessities of life, many of the passengers providing their own ice, and oil for lamps, if they wished it pure.

My dear brother happily recovered from his illness. We remained in San Francisco three months.

H— S—.

We print this letter just as it came to us:

BELLEFLOWER, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eight years old. I am in the Third Reader.

We have two big black horses. We have one cow. One day the cow got out and ran away. And papa and I had to go after her. We caught two moles in our garden. I have a little brother two years old. I have a cat that jumped up on the bed with me and sung. All of are chickens are a collar black.

EDWIN BRUCE G—.

AVON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Wyoming, Ohio, except in summer, when I come every year to Mamma's home in Massachusetts. I have two brothers, one older, aged twelve, and the other younger, eight. I am eleven years old. And we are having a happy time with Aunt Nellie this summer. I thought some of the children would like to hear about my visit to Plymouth last week. For I saw so many interesting things. When we came near the city, the first things we saw were the monument of Miles Standish and the statue of Faith, with Education and Morality at her feet; the highest granite statue in the world. First, we took a ride on an electric car through Plymouth. We saw many old and interesting houses there. Then we dined at the Plymouth Rock House. After dinner a large steamer came in loaded with people from New York. And one by one they walked over Plymouth Rock, a good-sized one, surrounded by an iron fence, with stone ornaments on the top. Then we went to Pilgrim Hall. On the front of the hall there is a picture, carved in stone, of an Indian down on one knee receiving the pilgrims. Also, a monument out in the yard, surrounded by an iron fence bearing the names of the pilgrims. By paying a quarter apiece, we were admitted into the hall. I took note of some things to tell you: I sat down on a mouse-colored sofa that belonged to Governor Hancock in 1780. I saw a table that was brought over in the "Mayflower," in 1620; also, the ancient records of the first church in Plymouth. I sat down in a chair that belonged to Governor Winslow, who came

over in the Mayflower. I saw a book published in 1556, the oldest book I had ever seen. Governor Bradford's coat of arms was there. I saw small shoes that had been worn by Governor Winslow, who came in the Mayflower; also, a cradle which was brought over in the Mayflower. I saw many other things.

We have at home a nice pony named "Pet," and two goats, "Ned" and "Ed." Ed belongs to me, and we drive both goats together.

I will be in the Sixth Reader when I get home. I like your magazine better than any other. Good-bye, dear St. NICHOLAS.

Your little friend, MABEL S—.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, but do not go to school, as I have never walked. I have a music-box that plays four tunes. It came from over the ocean. I am very fond of reading, and have read most of Miss Alcott's and Dickens's books. This year, I have enjoyed "Jack's Cure," "Goody Grill," and "May Bartlett's Stepmother" very much.

I have one very odd pet, a big rooster. Mamma bought it for me at the fair, when it was only three days old. He had been dyed a bright green, so I named him "Charlie Green." He used to sit on my lap most of the time, but after a few weeks the green wore off, and he is now a handsome white rooster. He has lost all his affection for me, chases the children whenever they go into the yard, pecks the baby, and is so very disagreeable, generally, that I am afraid he will have to be killed.

N. W. A.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several years, and I think you are the best magazine going. One of your most ardent admirers, who does not wish her name mentioned, made these verses about you:

Christmas Eve had come at last,
Six little socks hung in a row,
Six pairs of sleepy eyes at last
Agreed to Slumberland to go.

Santa Claus came there that night,
And filled five of the little socks,
"What shall I put in this sixth one?"
And he turned to his Christmas box.

The owner of that stocking seemed
To hear him as he spake,
For suddenly good Santa Claus
Saw the child was awake.

"Good Santa Claus," the child then said,
"Grant me one thing, please do,
Put in my sock St. NICHOLAS,
Then I'll always love you!"

"St. NICHOLAS I've longed for so,
I would give everything
If I could have it for my own,
And could its praise but sing!"

I remain, your admiring friend, MIRIUM M.

PENSACOLA, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Five of us little girls, who go to school together, began taking you this year, and like you very much.

We have had some very cold weather this spring, which killed all the oranges here.

There are a great many interesting places around Pensacola; near here there is a Life-saving Station

where the people go every afternoon in the summer to bathe.

I went to New York last fall, and enjoyed my visit very much. From there I went to Boston, where I have an aunt at school.

Five of us are writing to you at the same time; we know that all of our letters cannot be published in your magazine, but hope to see one.

I remain your loving little reader, NELLIE M—.

TORONTO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little boys who see your nice magazine every month, and we thought we would like to write you a letter. One of us is called Jim; he is a Canadian, and has red hair; and one is called Cesare, and is an Italian. I am the biggest, and am a Scotch boy, and have freckles. We all have porridge for breakfast, and all had the grip, which my Pa calls influenza. We have a dog called Tim. We like the "Brownies" and the "Great Storm at Samoa." Tim catches birds and eats them. I have an air-gun and a Japanese sword. We all put our names, and hope you will print this letter.

WILLIAM,
JAMES,
CESARE.

GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you how much I like you. Mamma has taken you for me all my life. I will soon be nine years old. Long before I could read I was delighted with your pretty pictures, and now I could not get along without you.

I wish we could have some of the rain and snow you have East. This is a new town—only eleven years old—in the southwestern part of the State. It is so dry here that it is necessary to irrigate the land in order to raise anything. The water for irrigation comes from the Arkansas River, which is kept full by the melting of the snow in the summer, up in the Rocky Mountains.

The Government Experimental Grass Farm here is trying to see how many kinds of grasses can be grown without irrigation. The prairies are covered with many beautiful wild flowers, different kinds of cactus, and yuccas all summer long.

Your constant little reader,

CHRISTABELLE S—.

BOLIVAR, MISS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given me last Christmas as a present. I have been glad ever since. I am a little girl living in the rich lowlands of the Mississippi River. This spring our levees, which protect us from the river, broke in several places, and we are now overflowed. The warm winter had made the river unusually high, and the rains over all the Mississippi valley were so constant and so heavy that everybody feared some trouble would come. There will be great loss of property, and suffering, too. But nobody dreams of leaving the country. Our levees will be built even higher, and there never was such a high river as this spring. Our country is beautiful, the air is soft and lovely, and the soil is so rich that everything grows. Cotton is the principal thing we plant. It used to be much more unhealthy here in the summer-time; but since many swamps have been opened, and much land cleared. The railroad runs through our plantation, and we have large and beautiful boats on the river. Many strangers have come to our country, and

all seem so well pleased. Your magazine is a great pleasure to me, and a great comfort.

Your little friend, MARY IRMA M—.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and thought I would write to you, as I have never written to you before. I am very glad that the World's Fair is coming in '93. I think the scheme of raising people into the air would be a failure. I see it is a Chicago young lady who planned it. Chicago people are so "enterprising." On my way home this morning, I noticed a sign in a book-store. I stopped to read it. It was about Stanley in the "Dark Continent," or rather one of his officers. Oh, but I hurried home! When I got there, the first thing that I did was to ask Mamma if my ST. NICK had come yet. She told me it was upstairs. I ran up and began reading that story, the one I mentioned before. I know the rest of it will be nice. The nicest story yet is "Crowded Out o' Crofield."

Wishing dear ST. NICK and Jack-in-the-Pulpit good health, I remain yours, JULIAN V. B—.

NEWARK, NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the April number of ST. NICHOLAS last evening, and looking over the Letter-box, read the description of the "Potato Gentlemen." I at once set to work and made two. I showed the first to Papa, who remarked that it looked like a "flying beetle-bug" (complimentary, wasn't it?); and the second looked like a gentleman discussing politics. I shall make more, and I thank the little boy who wrote about them.

I have a play something like it, though it is with spools. I take empty spools and light-yellow worsted and make hair by splitting the worsted and laying the strands side by side and tying a knot in the end. Fasten this on the top of the spool. Then take a piece of silk or satin of bright color, one inch wide and four or five long, pinned or tied on, which serves for a dress. A piece of lace on the hair improves it, and serves as a cap, and the doll is complete.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS only this year, but think it very nice indeed. I like "Marjorie and her Papa," and "Crowded Out o' Crofield," too. Even Papa gets interested in them when they come.

I should like the children who read this letter to have as much fun with "spools" as I have had.

Your devoted reader, GRACE S—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Heliotrope and Mignonette, May E., Kit, Edna J. B., Amabel F. M., Harry H., Nellie H. McC., "Affectionate Reader," Anne W. D., "Me!!!" John L. D., Juanita C., Clara G. B., Leighton R. C., Agnes Howard B., David N., Anna L. P., Mary A. E., One of Us and The Other One, Bess and Frank, Lily D. B., Irene F., Gracie M., Eleanor K. Biddle, Katie McC., Charles W. B., Kittie B., Eliza A., Susie Rose P., A Friend, Maud A. P., Clara R., Hattie S., Frank G. W., Arthur H., Irma S. B., Mary Nicholas F., Ellen T. E. and Eleanor G. G., Elsie H. J., Hattie and Katie, Emily Julia A., Hattie F. B., Laura H. R., Kitty, Bertie H. and Clara E., Elsie A. N., Florence M., Matie E. L., Helen A. D., Ellen M. B., Brownie B., E. S. J., Anna H., Eric S. S., and Helen H. H.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

EASY WORD-SQUARE. 1. Erin. 2. Ride. 3. Idea. 4. Neat.
TRANSPOSITIONS. Saint Swithin's Day. 1. Daisy. 2. Tins.
Web. 4. An.
EASY BEHEADINGS. Bunker Hill. 1. B-ale. 2. U-sage. 3. N-one.
4. K-eel. 5. E-aster. 6. R-ace. 7. H-arbor. 8. I-rate. 9. L-ever.
10. L-adder.
SINGLE ACROSTIC. Victor Hugo. Cross-words: 1. Victoria.
2. Irrigate. 3. Captured. 4. Tolerate. 5. Operatic. 6. Rotatory.
7. Horseman. 8. Undulate. 9. Gelatine. 10. Obstacle.
ZIGZAG. Firecracker. Cross-words: 1. Fir. 2. Tie. 3. Fur.
4. Net. 5. Cab. 6. Art. 7. Sea. 8. Ice. 9. Kin. 10. Bet. 11.
Tar.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Third row, Independence; sixth row,
Philadelphia. 1. Epitaphs. 2. Punisher. 3. Modality. 4. Treadles.
5. Capitals. 6. Preludes. 7. Managers. 8. Pedicles. 9. Precepts.
10. Banned. 11. Decisive. 12. Trespass.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Paul Reese—Aunt Kate, Mamma, and James—Josephine Sherwood—"Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley"—"Infantry"—Blanche and Fred—H. A. R.—Wm. H. Beers and Co.—Gertrude L.—Oddie Oliphant—"Mohawk Valley."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from "Schnippermann O.", 1—E. W. M. H., and B. D., 2—Piky, 1—"Budge", 2—Katie Van Zandt, 9—A. and E. Haas, 1—F. Dorsey, 1—H. G. N., 2—Maude E. Palmer, 9—Donald M. Hill, 1—J. Montgomery Flagg, 2—Elaine Shirley, 2—C. Lanza, 1—M. Buck, 1—"Jo and I", 9—"F. Pinafore", 4—Harry S. Reynolds, 3—N. Warner, 1—L. T. Haehulen, 1—Honora Swartz, 1—Norman E. Weldon, 1—L. H. Fowler, 3—W. E. Eckert, 2—E. Shirley, 1—G. E. M., 1—Grace Olcott, 9—G. Van Rensselaer, 1—Amy Ewing, 2—Elic K. Talboys, 5—"Charles Beaufort", 7—"The Lancer", 1—Ernest Serrell, 6—Mrs. D. and A. E. W., 6—"Domby and Son", 4—Darius E. Peck, 3—A. B. Lawrence, 1—Mary Francis, 9—Dictionary, 7—M. and M., 9—"Little A.", 1—"We Three", 4—John W. Frothingham, Jr., 7—Jean Webster, 1—Hubert L. Binyar, 8—M. G. Cassels, 1—Capt. White, 2—Pearl F. Stevens, 9—Ida and Alice, 7—Nellie and Reggie, 9—June A. Jaquith, 8—Elsa Behr, 1—Marian S., 3—C. and Estelle Ions, 2—Nellie L. Howes, 8—Ida C. Thallon, 8—Helen M. Walker, 4—Mary K. Stauffer, 9—H. D. and W. E. Verplanck, 1—"May and 79", 6—Seth and Florence, 4—"Doctor and I", 2—J. S. B., Kittie, and Bess, 5—S. E. M., 3—Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 5—"Miss Flint", 8—E. M. G., 9—"Dame Durden", 9—Arthur H. Le R. Rington, 5—M. D. and C. M., 8—J. B. and A. C. Hartich, 6—"We Two", 9—J. B. Swann, 8—Charles L. and Reta Sharp, 5—Aunt Mathilde and Alma, 8.

ANAGRAM.

TRANSPOSE the following letters and make the name of a distinguished English cotemporary:

GREAT STOLID MAN WILL AWE.

DIAGONAL.

THE diagonals, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of an English poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To construct. 2. A city in France. 3. Pertaining to a harp. 4. A baser metal mixed with a finer one. 5. To bedeck. J. MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

HOOR-GLASS.

THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a large city in the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Roomy. 2. Vocation. 3. One fully skilled in any art. 4. The beginning of the night. 5. In Denver. 6. A beverage. 7. To lessen. 8. An animal related to the starfish, but growing on a long, jointed stalk. 9. Deceased persons. C. DIGNAN.

DIVIDED WORDS.

1 3
2 4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To desire with eagerness. 2. The act of following and being followed by turns. 3. Half

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Brandywine.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA AND PI PUZZLE. "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong." Said of Abraham Lincoln by Emerson, in his essay entitled "Greatness."

"Him so true and tender,
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. 1. T. 2. Low. 3. Towel. 4. Web. 5. L. II. 1. L. 2. Cut. 3. Lurid. 4. Tim. 5. D. III. 1. L. 2. Bit. 3. Livid. 4. Tin. 5. D. IV. 1. L. 2. Pit. 3. Livid. 4. Tip. 5. D. V. 1. D. 2. Nod. 3. Dower. 4. Den. 5. R. DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, toothache; finals, dentistry. Cross-words: 1. Threatened. 2. Ostensible. 3. Osculation. 4. Triumphant. 5. Hindustani. 6. Admonishes. 7. Compliment. 8. Heightener. 9. Entomology.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Paul Reese—Aunt Kate, Mamma, and James—Josephine Sherwood—"Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley"—"Infantry"—Blanche and Fred—H. A. R.—Wm. H. Beers and Co.—Gertrude L.—Oddie Oliphant—"Mohawk Valley."

vocal. 4. Twisted. 5. A plant something like mint. 6. Compassionated. 7. An old word meaning an accountant of the exchequer. 8. A city on the Tigris.

From 1 to 2, making certain marks; from 3 to 4, devised. These two words, read in connection will spell an event which occurred on August 14, 1437. F. S. F.

ACROSTIC.

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Behead to melt, and leave utility. 2. Behead a green or light blue color, and leave a cooling substance. 3. Behead any thing small, and leave the name of the hero of a story by Thomas Hughes. 4. Behead a garment, and leave what may be found in many fields. 5. Behead uncovered, and leave to write. 6. Behead part of a neck, and leave to mimic.

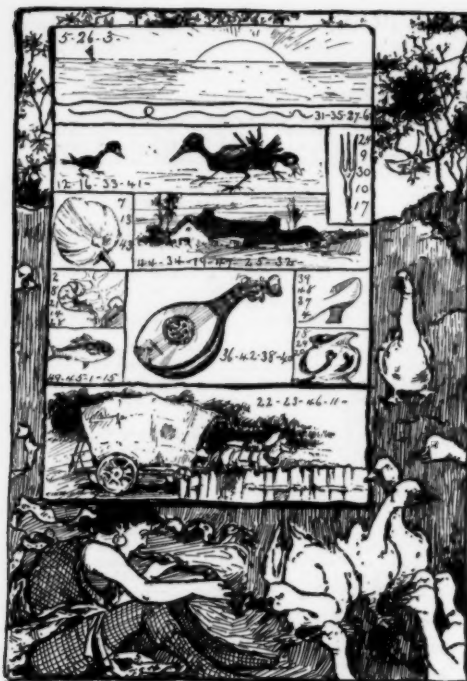
The beheaded letters will give the initial of the Christian name and all of the surname of "the greatest, the wisest, the meanest of mankind." The initials of the beheaded words (represented by stars) will, when rightly transposed, form the name of a famous work by Sir Thomas More.

F. T. M.

WORD-DWINDLE.

THE first word described contains eight letters. Drop one letter, transpose the remaining seven, and the second word may be formed. Continue to drop one letter and transpose the rest till only one letter remains.

1. Rocks. 2. Those who make nails. 3. Foreigners. 4. Boundaries. 5. A legal claim. 6. Nothing. 7. A preposition. 8. In inn. NARDYL AND THIDA.



ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma, in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of forty-nine letters, is a saying of *Poor Richard's*.

C. McC. R.

PL.

Eht dwil pho, rofm teh gnyo slem ohgub,
Sawsy no het ginlaud zebree,
Dan heer nad theer teh umtanu stint
Lameg linfaty huhgrot eht stere;
Lal runate shlep ot wells het gons
Dan tanch eht mase reinfar;
Jylu adn unje vahe ledpips yawa,
Nda satugus rehe inaga.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A slave in ancient Sparta. 2. To eat into or away. 3. To let down. 4. A kind of theater in ancient Greece. 5. Long-winged aquatic fowls.

II. 1. Mercenary. 2. One of the Muses. 3. A deputy or viceroy in India. 4. To expiate. 5. Projections or divisions, especially of a somewhat rounded form.

CARRIE B. P.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell a name given to a day in August.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The mother of Venus. 2. A small but famous island in the Ægean Sea. 3. A nine-headed

monster. 4. A brother of Prometheus. 5. A name for Artemis. 6. A divinity worshiped at Meroe. 7. The god of festive mirth and joy. 8. The author of certain laws that were said to have been written in blood. 9. The leader of the Argonauts. 10. A daughter of Æetes, celebrated for her skill in magic. 11. One of the Muses. 12. A nymph of the woods.

JOB PEERYBINGLE.

A GREEK CROSS.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. Denominated. 2. To cast down. 3. An adage. 4. A small river which empties into the Adriatic Sea. 5. An evil spirit.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Disabled. 2. Cognizant. 3. A title of respect. 4. One of the Muses. 5. A departed spirit.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. An immaterial being. 2. Exalted. 3. An island in the Mediterranean Sea. 4. A highly fragrant oil. 5. Approaches.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Draws nigh. 2. The lesser white heron. 3. An agreeable odor. 4. To forgive. 5. Dignity.

V. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Comes close to. 2. The name of the heroine in "The Lady of the Lake." 3. Full of alacrity. 4. A riotous feast. 5. A short line by which a fish-hook is attached to a longer line.

"SOLOMON QUILL."

DIAMOND.

1. In Thibet. 2. A small animal. 3. A title of nobility. 4. The title next below the preceding one. 5. Tuned. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In Thibet.—"RAINBOW."

PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

EACH word described contains six letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the first and last words will be the same as the words spelled by the initial and final letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A territory of the United States. 2. Sweet-bay. 3. The name of a young woman who figures in the poem of "Summer," in Thomson's "Seasons." 4. Holy persons. 5. A village of Egypt noted for its grand remains of a collection of old temples. 6. A country inhabited, partly, by Thlinkits.

FREDERICKA M. W.

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LITTLE FRENCHMEN AT SCHOOL.

FROM A PAINTING BY ST. NICHOLAS BY PERMISSION OF THE ARTIST.
ENGRAVED BY GEOFFROY.